

FEBRUARY 15, 1988

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Special Olympic Preview

TIME

Winter Wonders

Debi Thomas

Can America's sweetheart dethrone East Germany's Katarina Witt?

Super-Z

Will Pirmin Zurbriggen zip and zap them all?

The Battling Brians

Orser of Canada vs. Boitano of the U.S.—which one will spin to 6.0s?

Plus...

A flying Finn, world-record speed skating, Sweden's blazing trailmen and hard-charging American hopefuls



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40 A special preview of Winter Olympic wonders

For 16 days starting this weekend, the 15th Winter Games will dazzle lovers of sport and spectacle. Athletes who have spent years polishing their skills come suddenly to take our breath away. ■ **Western Welcome:** Calgary, a city of stampedes and high-tech cowboys, is set to sing a few songs and, naturally, tell some lies. ■ **America's Sweetheart:** Debi Thomas, premed student and premeditated perfectionist, plans to reclaim the women's skating gold for the U.S. But she will have to take it away from East Germany's enchanting Katarina Witt. ■ **Two Brians:** Orser of Canada and Boitano of the U.S. are pretty good friends and the very best of the men skaters. ■ **Red, White and Dreams:** A pic-

ture essay offers a look at American competitors from world-record speed skaters to a luger and a biathlete with chances at a first U.S. medal. ■ **Super-Z:** Switzerland's Pirmin Zurbriggen, the top World Cup skier, is a slashing, aggressive all-event star in an era of specialists. ■ **Foreign Favorites:** The best in the world include a flying Finn, a peerless East German speed skater, a feuding pair of Swiss women ski champions, Sweden's blazing trailmen and many, many more. ■ **The Living Room Games:** ABC will lose money on the deal but is still going all out to win viewers with the most complete winter coverage ever. An insider's TV guide picks the top moments to watch.

16 Nation

The U.S. indicts Panamanian Strongman Manuel Antonio Noriega on a wide range of drug charges. ► Unrealistically low campaign-spending limits present candidates with some curious moral and logistical quandaries. ► It is no longer this man's Army, as the Pentagon moves to expand opportunities for servicewomen.

30 World

Occupation duty frustrates Israel's army. ► South Africa's "colored" legislators take on Botha. ► Bulgaria puts its reforms on hold.

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An extraordinary new show in Manhattan demonstrates the versatility of the 18th-century rococo master Jean-Honoré Fragonard.

82 Economy & Business

First Boston's takeover titans defect to start a rival firm. ► A tussle over stock-index futures. ► On hold: a \$25 billion phone system.

97 Law

In a Solomonic decision, New Jersey's high court strikes down surrogacy for pay, but grants custody of Baby M to her father.

88 Medicine

A doctor's candid account of a mercy killing inflames the profession and renews debate over the care and treatment of the terminally ill.

98 Essay

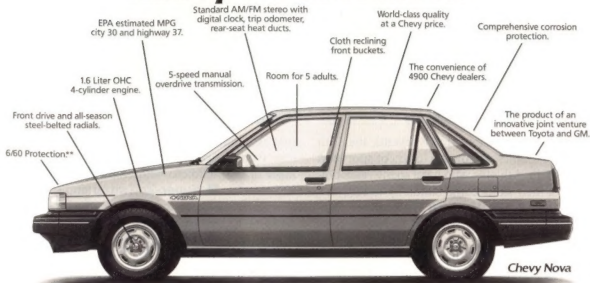
Valentine's Day raises hopes and dreams for Captain Midlife. Will love come to the Captain? Has it been there all along?

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A Letter from the Publisher

When the Winter Olympics open in Calgary this week, TIME's own team will be on hand, reporting at the speed of a downhill racer, snapping pictures with the derring-do of a bobsledder and enduring late deadlines with the stamina of a cross-country skier. Our coach is Senior Editor José M. Ferrer III, who will be supervising his third set of Olympics competitions from New York City. Ferrer demonstrated his gold-medal mettle as Sport editor during the 1984 Winter Olympics in Sarajevo and the Summer Games in Los Angeles. Now, as then, his aim is to present readers with coverage that is expert and colorful yet uncluttered with sports jargon. "My two sons are great skiers," says Ferrer, "so I know that a mogul is the one who buys the equipment."

Ferrer has edited TIME's Sport section for six years, though he professes to be neither an athlete nor a rabid fan. "I bring a tempering influence to our coverage," he says. "If it's too 'inside' and I can't understand what we're trying to say, it's a pretty good bet lots of our readers won't understand either." Preparation for the Calgary Games required that Ferrer take time away from his other responsibilities: editing the Law, Religion, Press and Education sections. He enjoys the change of pace. "Major events give readers a sense of TIME's strengths," he says of this



Senior Editor José M. Ferrer III in training for Calgary


week's multipage Olympics package. As the editor, he gets a similar feeling. "To see all of our resources moving in the same direction is impressive." Also formidable have been some of the problems the Games have caused the magazine's various staffs—from the Copy Desk, which had to devise special style rules (Is a common figure skater's jump an a) Axel, b) axel or c) Axle? Answer: Axel), to the Photography Department, where Researcher Dorothy Affa Ames dispatched her forces all over Europe and North America to corner elusive athletes.

In Calgary, Correspondent Barrett Seaman, normally our man at the White House, will deploy a team that includes Senior Writer Tom Callahan, Correspondents Lee Griggs, Laura López and Paul A. Wittenman, and Reporter Ellie McGrath. In New York City, Reporter-Researcher Lawrence Mondl will coordinate the research, Assistant Art Director Arthur Hochstein will design the pages—and Ferrer, of course, will be calling the plays, or the shots, or whatever the proper sports jargon is. And when he is rested from that Olympian effort, it's on to Seoul for the Summer Games.

Robert L. Miller

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THE DIRTY DOZEN.

chopped in to surprise Charlie in his own back yard. They fanned out quickly. And when enemy snipers opened up, they poured it on with M-16s and grenade launchers. The firefight was over in a matter of minutes. Later,



SEAL Team 1 would pose with pride and rare jubilation, holding the flag it had captured.

Did we just get lucky that day on the Cua Lon? Or were our troops winning the war all along, only to



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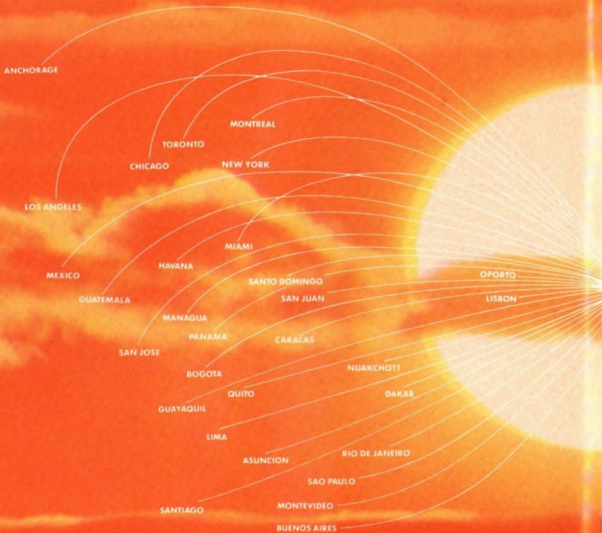
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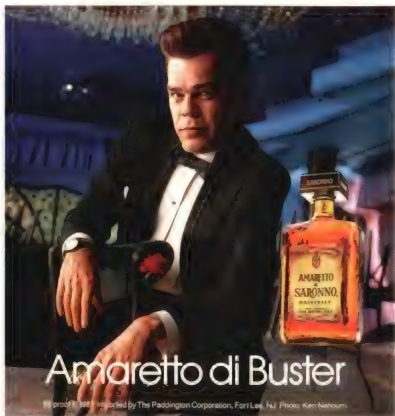




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Iowa Pickings

To the Editors:

In your report on the Iowa caucus [NATION, Jan. 25], Laurence Barrett states that the electoral system has become a "demeaning marathon." The presidency is our most important, complex and pressure-filled office. I would not want someone in there who could not complete the marathon.

Adam Rich
Los Angeles



I am appalled that your chart of 37 primaries on the national nominating system omitted the Oregon primary, which was enacted in 1904 and is one of the oldest in the country. The party picks the candidates here, and the election is historic. It was the occasion of Robert Kennedy's loss to Eugene McCarthy in 1968, the first defeat for any Kennedy, and it will be significant this year because it is shortly followed by the California primary.

J. F. Bud Clark, Mayor
Portland, Ore.

Though raised in New York City, I have lived in Iowa for the past seven years. Politeness, kindness and family-centered living are the norm for the people here. I have faulted Iowans' "provincialism," but after reading your article on the caucuses and the description of neighbors and schools, I have realized that perhaps these gentle Midwesterners have something big-city people don't have.

Susan F. Blackman
Iowa City

Hail to the folks in Iowa! Their sound judgments on the political campaigns will be felt around the country.

Scott L. Alter
Milford, Conn.

Trouble in Gaza

Only direct negotiation between Arabs and Jews can settle the Palestinian issue [WORLD, Jan. 25]. If there is any Arab

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leader willing to negotiate with the Israelis, will he step forward? And if there is none, why always blame the Israelis for the continuing and worsening crisis?

*Martin Freund
New York City*

The U.S. made the correct decision in voting against Israel at the U.N. Deporting the nine Palestinians will not end the violence in Gaza. According to Israeli officials, deportation is the maximum deterrent for those incapable of being reformed. It is doubtful that many Palestinians are willing to accept Israeli ideals peacefully. Does this mean all Palestinians will eventually be forced out?

*Kelly Renaud
Windsor, Conn.*

President Lee

Although the death of President Chiang Ching-kuo might signal the end of a dynasty (WORLD, Jan. 25), a new and promising era of Chinese politics has been initiated by him. Despite Taiwan's geographic limitations and diplomatic isolation, Chiang led the country to its status as a "midsize economic powerhouse." His effort to break the old taboos and establish a democratic government will profoundly influence tomorrow's China.

*T. Oliver Chao
Chicago*

My country is becoming one of the developed nations. Under President Lee Teng-hui's leadership, Taiwan will create a more democratic political system. The future for the Republic of China on Taiwan is looking bright.

*Paul Pyng-jin Lin
Changhua, Taiwan*

Student-Press Censorship

The real issue that faces high school administrations across the country is how to enforce and use their power now that the Supreme Court has allowed them to censor high school newspapers (LAW, Jan. 25). They can take the easy way out and demand that all articles that are the least bit controversial be removed from their school publications. Or they can take a little heat and allow students to advocate issues they believe in. Only by allowing editorial freedom in their school publications can administrators hope to teach lessons about life and the world outside the sheltered public school.

*Christopher Cronin, Junior Editor
McDonough High School Yearbook
Pomfret, Md.*

Immediate censorship by school officials will not be the result of this ruling; rather, the effect will be in how young journalists handle complicated issues. Will they risk writing what they truly believe is correct? The most probable result will be a tendency to treat issues with kid

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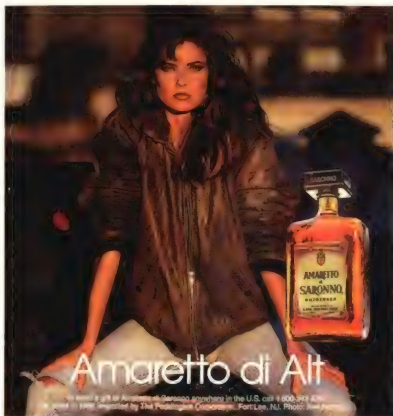
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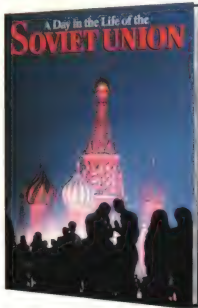
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Letters

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Jason Ward Gay, Co-Editor in Chief
Panel
Belmont Hill School
Belmont, Mass.

In the past I was angered by graffiti on the walls of the barns and schools. Now I understand. I would find alternative means of expressing myself if I were as powerless as the Supreme Court is attempting to make the young people in high schools. The writing is on the wall. And I expect to see more of it as a result of the Supreme Court's message to high school students about their First Amendment right to freedom of expression.

Terrence McCarthy
Agawam, Mass.

Cloud over Florida

It is ironic that you should publish the negative comments of one obviously disgruntled parent to portray Jacksonville's public schools as "inadequate" in your story "Florida's Growing Pains" (NATION, Jan. 25). Just two months ago, President Reagan praised the high quality of this district to a national audience: President Reagan chose Jacksonville as the site for his presummit address to students, parents and the nation based on U.S. Education Secretary William Bennett's recommendation that Jacksonville has one of the finest school districts in the country.

James E. Lashley
Director of Communications
Duval County Public Schools
Jacksonville

Skinhead Solution

Why does our society continue to regress when it comes to social behavior? Your article "A Chilling Wave of Racism" (BEHAVIOR, Jan. 25) on the skinheads and neo-Nazism is saddening. These people serve no cause. They are a cancer. Dressing differently or originally is fine and innovative, but practicing a doctrine whose main objective is to spread white supremacy is a dangerous joke.

Jane Glenn
Orange, Calif.

Once again, racism is rearing its ugly head in American society. The skinheads of today, the harebrained clones of another era, remind us that bigotry and racism remain powerful forces in our society.

(The Rev.) James Johnson
Normal, Ill.

Murderous Molasses

The recent Ashland Oil disaster was "one of the nation's worst inland oil spills ever" (ENVIRONMENT, Jan. 18), and by

Letters

eerie coincidence it came almost exactly 69 years after the world's worst inland spill of a very different sort of fluid. At midday on Jan. 15, 1919, an unusually warm day in Boston's North End, scores of people were strolling along the streets, many of them in the shadow of the 90-ft.-high molasses-storage tank of the Purity Distilling Co. Suddenly, with a low rumbling noise and a series of sharp explosions, the tank burst, and about 2 million gal. of black sticky goo poured out in 30-ft. waves through the narrow streets, faster than a man could run; 21 people were drowned or suffocated. Though the cause of the break was never determined, the sweet smell of that murderous molasses lingered for a long time.

Marjorie Hymans
Boston

Schleuning, Schleuning, Schleuning

The victory of Feminist Neala Schleuning over the ad agency in the BITCH, BITCH, BITCH affair (ECONOMY & BUSINESS, Jan. 25) is just one more reminder that fanatics have no sense of humor. The fictional TV characters of *Dynasty* not only are bitches but also relish the publicity about themselves. That a simple and funny reference could be thrown out of all proportion by a humorless feminist and then cost the punsters a \$10 million client is truly sad. At least I've learned not to use the word bitch anymore. From now on, when need of the offending phrase arises, I'll just say, "Schleuning, Schleuning, Schleuning!"

Leo N. Mileitch
El Paso

I wish I had Schleuning's skill as I try to get Bayer aspirin to clean up its line. "Ask your doctor . . . He knows what's right for you." For those of us who may have women physicians, that Bayer advice is bewildering. Do only male physicians know what's right?

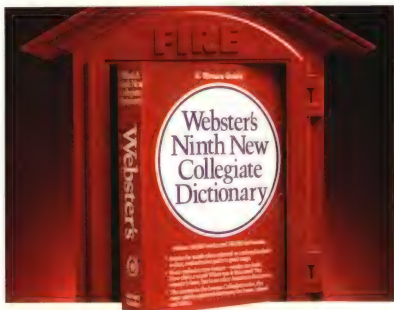
Millicent Rutherford
San Francisco

Tripping Among the Gnomes

Your story on how lovers of lawn ornaments can find hundreds of objects at Carroll Harper's place in Virginia (AMERICAN SCENE, Jan. 25) reminded me of a short paragraph I read in a British newspaper while on a trip in England a few summers ago. It reported the death of an unfortunate woman, "impaled upon her garden gnome." Perhaps Harper should include a cautionary warning on his merchandise.

Muriel Manuel
Morgan City, La.

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TIME FEBRUARY 15, 1988

Wanted: Noriega

The U.S. indicts Panama's strongman for pushing drugs

The ritual was familiar, but the specifics were unprecedented. When U.S. Attorneys in Miami and Tampa announced two major criminal indictments last Friday, it was not just another drug bust. The accused was General Manuel Antonio Noriega, commander in chief of the Panama Defense Forces and de facto ruler of an important U.S. ally. He was charged with drug trafficking, laundering millions of dollars in illicit profits and providing safe haven for some of the world's most notorious narcotics barons.

In Tampa, U.S. Attorney Robert Merkle accused Noriega of conspiring to import and distribute more than 1 million lbs. of marijuana into the U.S. In Miami, U.S. Attorney Leon Kellner charged the general with accepting \$4.6 million in payoffs for allowing Colombia's powerful drug cartel to ship more than 4,000 lbs. of cocaine through Panama to the U.S. Noriega also allegedly permitted the cartel to set up a cocaine-processing plant in Panama and to temporarily relocate its headquarters there after the murder of Colombia's Justice Minister in 1985. The general, Kellner charged, had "utilized his position to sell the country of Panama to drug traffickers."

Although rumors of the indictments had been circulating for weeks, no one could be sure that Washington would allow the unusual prosecution. To stem the flow of drugs into the U.S., the Administration has leaned heavily on Latin American governments to root out the drug moguls, whose guns and money have intimidated or bought off local authorities. But never before has the U.S. targeted an individual Latin leader. Coming just two days after the House of Representatives rejected further aid to the *contras*, the criminal charges against Noriega not only raise the stakes in the war on drugs but presage even more troubles for the U.S.'s battered Central American policy.

Panama, far more than war-torn Nicaragua, is Central America's prize. The 51-mile-long canal, still under U.S. control, has major strategic value; Panama is also one of the U.S.'s prime listening posts in the region and home to the 10,000-man U.S. Southern Command. To some, the U.S.'s difficulties in Panama are reminiscent of Iran. Having struck another Faustian bargain with a ruthless and corrupt dictator, the U.S. again finds itself turning



Tough customer: General Manuel Noriega at a recent event in Panama City

"*Contras, Sandinistas, Cubans, the CIA—he deals with them all to make money.*"



José Blandón: adviser turned accuser

"Noriega utilized his position to sell the country of Panama to the drug traffickers."

—LEON KELLNER



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In return, protected drug shipments.**

against a longtime client with no viable democratic replacement in the wings.

The Reagan Administration and its predecessors have long been aware of Noriega's seamy dealings. Nonetheless, top officials in the State and Defense departments and the CIA vigorously supported him, citing his cooperation with U.S. intelligence agencies and willingness to let the U.S. military operate broadly in Panama. Even as the Administration finally took action, new charges suggested that Noriega played a role in the Iran-*contra* arms deal as well. José Blandón, until recently Panama's consul general in New York City and a close political adviser to Noriega, disclosed that the general had conspired with Lieut. Colonel Oliver North, the former National Security Council aide, to dispatch, then intercept, a shipment of East German arms to El Salvador's leftist guerrillas. The motive: to blame Nicaragua for supplying the weapons, thereby supporting the charge that the Sandinistas are exporting their revolution.

Even by the standards set by the Shah and Ferdinand Marcos, Noriega's record is infamous. The diminutive general, whose acne-scarred complexion earned him the nickname "Pineapple Face," has been accused in Panama of ordering both the decapitation of a political opponent and the murder of the son of the man he replaced as commander of the armed forces. Rising through the ranks, Noriega allegedly created a criminal organization that would be the envy of any Mafia don. The 12,000-man Panama Defense Forces are so much a part of Noriega's criminal empire that U.S. Attorney Kellner considered classifying the entire institution as a corrupt organization. According to investigators for the Senate Foreign Relations Subcommittee on Terrorism, Narcotics and International Affairs, which will hold hearings this week, Noriega demands a cut of almost every crime-related dollar deposited in Panama's 130 banks. Drug traffickers and money launderers who refuse to pay may have their shipments hijacked at gunpoint.

Those who play along are well cared for. Steven Kalish, a convicted U.S. drug smuggler who was the chief witness against Noriega in the Tampa indictment, says he personally delivered at least \$900,000 in bribes to the general in 1983 and 1984. In exchange, says Kalish, Noriega gave him a diplomatic passport, a multimillion-dollar letter of credit and safe passage for hundreds of thousands of pounds of marijuana.

Noriega may have been motivated by greed far more than loyalty to any ideology. While a valued point man for the CIA, he enjoyed close relations with Cuban Leader Fidel Castro. Blandón says he personally witnessed a 1984 meeting in Havana at which Castro mediated a dispute between Noriega and the leaders of a major Colombian drug cartel. According to Blandón, as well as U.S. Customs investigators, Noriega has supplied Cuba with U.S. intelligence and high-technology goods. In Central America, the general

has sold weapons both to Nicaragua's anti-Communist *contras* and to Marxist guerrillas in El Salvador. "He is a businessman," declares Blandón. "Contras, Sandinistas, Cubans, the CIA—he deals with them all to make money."

Until Blandón, Kalish and others provided direct evidence of Noriega's criminal activities. American officials were divided over what to do about him. As early as 1972, a U.S. narcotics agent proposed his "total and complete immobilization"—meaning assassination. But the agent's superior rejected the idea. Last March, when Senators Jesse Helms of North Carolina and John Kerry of Massachusetts introduced a resolution condemning Panama for its poor showing in the war on drugs, Assistant Attorney General Stephen Trott protested that the Panamanian record was "superb."

U.S. Customs Commissioner William von Raab begs to differ. "Occasionally they swing some poor slob out to make us feel they're cooperating," he says. "But it's nobody close to Noriega." Von Raab condemns the view that a pact with the devil is better than no pact at all: "At some point you become owned by the devil."

Those days presumably ended with last week's indictment. In effect, it will prevent Noriega from traveling to the U.S., where he would be arrested. Noriega would face the same risk in France, where he keeps an apartment, and in other countries that have an extradition treaty with the U.S.

The State Department has been trying for some time to persuade the general to step down in favor of a caretaker government that would pave the way for new elections. The indictment may make it more difficult for Noriega to arrange a graceful exit, though in any event the general has shown no sign of wanting to step down. Panama's Foreign Ministry last week released a predictable statement condemning the "new attack" against Noriega and questioning the credibility of Blandón and the other witnesses. The same day, 200 anti-Noriega demonstrators in downtown Panama City called for the general's resignation. Yet with anti-U.S. sentiment never far from the surface in Panama, the indictment may actually inspire support for Noriega.

Complicating matters are the U.S. citizens—10,000 troops and 40,000 civilians—living in Panama. Although U.S. officials do not see an immediate threat, diplomats and military officers are urging Americans to be careful. "We're heading into a very, very rocky period," says an Administration official. The U.S. has pushed a thuggish ally into a corner, and now it can only wait guardedly for his reaction.

—By Laurence Zuckerman
Reported by John Borrell/Panama City and Elaine Shannon/Washington



Kellner

The Contra Account Runs Dry

Congress rejects more aid for the rebels

As Ronald Reagan feverishly lobbied lawmakers to renew aid to the Nicaraguan *contras* last week, he found himself cast in a strange, ill-fitting role. Not so long ago, the President displayed an uncanny knack for dazzling Congressmen with his charm and righteousness, even as he squeezed painful concessions out of them. But last week the once cocky cajoler seemed humble, even desperate. To some he was a figure of pathos. "I felt almost bad for him," said Democratic Congressman Roy Dyson of Maryland, one of several lawmakers who met with Reagan in the Oval Office last week. "I remember the power he had and the influence he had. There wasn't anything new he could tell us."

In the twilight of his presidency, Reagan has reason to fear that one of his most cherished foreign initiatives is slipping away. The House's 219-to-211 vote against granting an additional \$36 million in aid to the *contras* does not mean the immediate end for the rebels. But with military supplies dwindling fast, the *contras* cannot hold out much longer. Says General Fred Woerner, commander in chief of the U.S. Southern Command in Panama: "We're talking in terms of a few months."

As last week's roll call drew near, Congress's exasperation with the whole issue was palpable. Since December 1982, lawmakers have voted on the *contras* 15 times. Whether the immediate question was the mining of Nicaraguan harbors or the many permutations of the Boland amendment, which blocked military aid to the *contras*, each vote sparked ugly, divisive battles. Last year's Iran-*contra* scandal has only added to the bitterness. In the past, Reagan was able to win over key swing votes in White House arm-twisting sessions. Last week, however, many undecided Congressmen refused even to meet



An antirebel protester outside the Capitol

with the President. "I told him I'm going to make this decision in the quietness of my own thought processes," said Wes Watkins, an Oklahoma Democrat. "I've got a 17-year-old son." Watkins told Reagan during a tense phone call. "I want him to know what we stand for as a country and that we don't believe in carrying on covert and illegal activities." Watkins ultimately voted for the package.

In a surprising move, network television turned its back on the Great Communicator. ABC, CBS and NBC refused to broadcast a presidential address on the eve of the vote. Network executives said there was no news in Reagan's 20-minute plea, and in fact, the speech was full of familiar hyperbolic rhetoric: "Nicaragua is being transformed into a beachhead for aggression against the U.S." In a follow-up address, Indiana Democrat Lee Hamilton offered the prevailing House view. The U.S., he said, should wait and see if Nicaragua sticks with the peace process set in motion by last summer before restoring military aid to the *contras*. "Now is the time to put the Sandinistas to the test," Hamilton said, "and to take risks for peace."

In Managua, President Daniel Ortega cast a skeptical eye on the House vote.



After the victory: House Speaker Jim Wright and fellow aid opponents. This time around, the President's knack for cajolery failed him.

"Nicaragua cannot let down its guard," he warned. Rather than promoting the peace process, Ortega condemned the governments of El Salvador and Honduras for lending assistance to the *contras*. Rather than offering an olive branch to the opposition parties, Ortega called on them to "straighten out."

Contra supporters read this as an ominous sign that the Sandinistas have no intention of moving toward democracy. Elliott Abrams, Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs and Reagan's embattled point man on the *contra* issue, has warned that without pressure from the rebels, "Nicaragua will become another Cuba, and the chances of the survival of democracy in El Salvador, Guatemala and Honduras are enormously diminished."

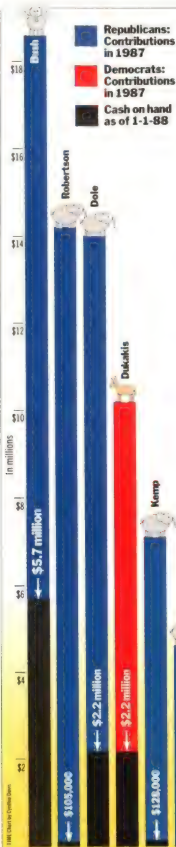
After the House vote, the President began searching for other means to support the *contras*, but his options were limited at best. The Administration was quick to point out that it will not be involved in private efforts to sustain the rebels. Moreover, the Administration wants no part of the clandestine *contra* schemes of yesteryear. "There ain't going to be an Ollie North on this watch," said a senior White House aide grimly.

There was a glimmer of support for the President when the Senate voted 51 to 48 in favor of the aid package, although, after the House action, the upper chamber's vote was merely symbolic. Perhaps the best the President can expect is a \$10 million package of humanitarian aid that congressional Democrats are cobbling together. But the Administration is hardly enthusiastic about it. "They just want to send food and bandages," says one official. "That's not the kind of help that can keep a fighting force in the field."

In the wake of last week's defeat, *contra* supporters tried to specify what went wrong. After all, it was only a year and a half ago that Congress approved \$100 million in aid to the rebels. Some cited the Iran-*contra* affair. Others said political expediency had come into play. "This is an election year," said one *contra* booster, "and the plain fact is that there is not resounding [public] support for aid."

For this the Administration has only itself to blame. In seven years, Ronald Reagan has failed to articulate a coherent policy toward the Sandinistas, while his Government's actions have covered the range from amateurism to outright duplicity. Says New Jersey Senator Bill Bradley, a Democrat who once supported *contra* aid: "There is a difference between speeches that rail at Communists and a policy that effectively counters them. Speeches are easy. Policy takes effort and care."

—By Jacob V. Lumar Jr.
Reported by Ricardo Chavira and Ted Gap/Washington



Take It to the Limit—and Beyond

The tricks and dodges that bust the Iowa spending cap



Consider this bizarre, but typical, routine from the 1988 presidential campaign: Bob Dole's Iowa campaign director often sleeps in Omaha or Moline, Ill. Or this more cynical aspect: young, fresh-faced volunteers for candidates in Iowa or New Hampshire sometimes receive their living expenses off the books, being handed \$20 bills in out-of-the-way motel rooms.

The cause of these contortions is one of the worst election laws on the books, the Pollyannaish effort to limit the amount a campaign can spend in each state. Enacted in 1974 under the guise of fairness, these artificial ceilings are ludicrously low for the Iowa caucuses (\$770,000) and the New Hampshire primary (\$460,400).

Presidential campaigns will live or die in these early tests, but the candidates are forced to spend amounts that would be inadequate to win some seats in the California state senate. Small wonder that this year, as in every campaign since 1976, contenders are vying with one another to invent the most artful ways to beat the cap. Almost all direct mail to undecided Iowa voters, for example, comes with an awkward postscript asking for contributions. The rationale: fund-raising appeals are exempt from the state spending caps.

Campaign managers know that strictly abiding by the rules is an invitation to almost certain defeat. The prevailing ethos is to skirt the limits as aggressively as one dares. In Iowa, political operatives estimate that some campaigns in both parties will spend close to \$2 million each, with many of the expenditures dubiously allocated to other states or exempt under

federal loopholes. Even if campaign officials get caught, says Jim Lake, press secretary for the 1984 Reagan re-election effort, "at least they won't have to say they lost because they didn't spend enough."

Cynicism is rampant because enforcement by the Federal Election Commission is belated and haphazard. Not until 1987 did Walter Mondale's campaign pay a slap-on-the-wrist fine for grossly exceeding the Iowa and New Hampshire limits in 1984. Ronald Reagan too went way over the New Hampshire cap in 1980. Even FEC Press Official Sharon Snyder concedes, "If you were to look at all the prior campaigns, you'd get the feeling that the ones who got to the conventions were those who went over the spending limits in Iowa and New Hampshire."

About the only plausible defense for the spending limits is that they buttress long-shot candidates. "It's sort of like the speed limit," says Pat Mitchell, Paul Simon's Iowa coordinator. "It keeps the carnage down." Most campaign spending experts, such as Herbert Alexander of the University of Southern California, would like to see the state caps eliminated. "They're ridiculously low," he says, "and they lead to subterfuge." All too often, in fact, the result is an amoral minuet in which the end (the White House) justifies all sorts of quasi-legal chicanery. "There is retail chiseling, like renting a car in Massachusetts and driving it to New Hampshire," explains a top Republican campaign staffer. "And then there is wholesale blowing off of the limits—spend now and pay the fine later."

Among the Democrats, Richard Gephardt is widely accused of cap busting in Iowa. In the closing days before the caucuses, Albert Gore made the charge directly, while Simon Campaign Manager Brian Lunde piously suggested that Gephardt pull his television ads. Like several of his Democratic rivals, including Simon, Gephardt had spent nearly \$500,000 in Iowa by the end of 1987. Last week the *Los Angeles Times* estimated that Gephardt's 1988 Iowa advertising costs had already hit \$280,000, adding up to what seemed *prima facie* evidence of spending violations. The Gephardt camp argued that some of the TV ads had been purchased in 1987, but failed to explain how they could maintain 120 field organizers in Iowa in the closing weeks of the campaign without exceeding the ceiling.

Gephardt may be the most flagrant, but he is far from the only cap culprit. All major campaigns in both parties take advantage of loopholes in FEC regulations. Television time is a prime example: ads broadcast into Iowa from Omaha stations are mostly charged to the Nebraska ceiling, even though that state's primary is not until May 10. The best way to reach most New Hampshire voters is to advertise on Boston TV, but the FEC accepts the

Nation

fiction that more than half of this cost should be allocated to Massachusetts.

Similarly, interstate travel by the candidates does not count against state ceilings. This is the best explanation for Jack Kemp's zigzag itinerary last week, as he hopscothched from Sioux City, Iowa, to Omaha to Des Moines to Minneapolis to Moline to Waterloo, Iowa. Had Kemp followed the otherwise rational course of simply flying Sioux City-Des Moines-Waterloo, the entire trip would have been logged against his Iowa cap.

No FEC stricture invites so much abuse as the "four-day rule." If a national campaign staffer spends four straight days in Iowa or New Hampshire, his salary and expenses are billed to that state's ceiling. But if he flees to Omaha or Boston for 24 hours, none of these activities count against the cap. Sneaking across the border is increasingly common, and there is active trafficking in out-of-state hotel receipts as campaigns collect them for fake "documentation" in case of an FEC audit. This practice has produced a colorful addition to the campaign lexicon: to *pumpkin* describes the plight of a hapless aide who does not make it over the state border by the Cinderella stroke of midnight on the fourth day. Says Dole of the four-day rule: "It's crazy."

As the campaign days grow short, staffers are frequently going underground to stay in Iowa and New Hampshire for more than the legal four days. In a small town in Iowa last week, a top aide to a Democratic contender whispered in spy-novel fashion, "I'm staying at this hotel, but under an assumed name."

Other gambits to skirt the cap help breed disrespect for more serious campaign-spending laws as well. A wealthy contributor may surreptitiously donate his Avis or Hertz number to a campaign, thereby allowing organizers to drive around Iowa free for a month. The primary goal may be to evade the ceiling, but the further disturbing result is that the "fat cat" is allowed to ignore the \$1,000 limit on individual contributions.

Whether or not they bust the cap, most contenders in both parties will be nearly broke after New Hampshire. Only George Bush and Bob Dole among the Republicans and, to a lesser extent, Democrats Michael Dukakis and thrifty Albert Gore will have a comfortable cash cushion for the Super Tuesday primaries in the South. Even some of the early victors may be in trouble, since the rapacious demands of TV campaigns in the South could outstrip the abilities of their fund raisers. That is the underlying truth of presidential politics: it is extremely difficult to win without early money, as Gary Hart came to learn in 1984. This imbalance in resources may be unfortunate, but it is a problem that will not be rectified through ill-conceived campaign-spending limits.

—By Walter Shapiro.

Reported by Laurence L. Barrett and Michael Duffy/Des Moines

The Presidency

Hugh Sidey

Winning vs. Wielding Power

By the time Americans pick a new President on Nov. 8 they will have invested nearly half a billion dollars in a random and chaotic process. They will have absorbed encyclopedic detail on such pop issues as the "wimp factor," and probably given more of the public's airwaves to this political marathon than to any other story of our age. Then a lot of them will lose interest until the Inauguration.

The President-elect will face the task of forming a Government, a job infinitely more important than campaigning, but a bit boring. Most of the huge media caravan will go back to covering social and economic battles and natural calamities. Stories on the nightly news will recite unfamiliar names, vague accounts of struggles for favor and repetitive rumors of anointment. There will be no balloons and hands. Constructing a Government is a gritty business.

By all odds, this transition once again will be a shirrail operation, underfunded, ill defined, rushed and harried by spooks and political operatives. Campaigns have become an industry of moneygrubbers and pitchmen, only a few of whom should be allowed into power.

The nation and Ronald Reagan might have been better off had 1980 Campaign Director Bill Casey, a renowned Wall Street buccaneer, been left there rather than given the CIA as spoils. Jimmy Carter's sad history might have been different had he kept his campaign strategist Hamilton Jordan out of the White House loop. And John Mitchell, Richard Nixon's campaign head and later Attorney General, was such a misfit in power that he ended up in prison.

Signs of trouble are all around this year, from Bob Dole's hapless finance director, who was dropped amid reports of inside deals, right down to lowly campaign workers who are openly bending the regulations on fund limits. National politics is beset by special interests and schemers who have their own distant agendas and smelt position or profits down the corridors of power. How many Bert Lances and Ed Meeses, with their singular financial styles, are circulating now, eager to wield federal authority next year? What often goes on in the political trenches is not acceptable in the calmer climates of government.

Having witnessed the debacle of Watergate from the inside, Henry Kissinger says that a great reform of American Government would be for presidential contenders to assemble two sets of supporters, one to campaign, the other to govern. A complete separation of duties is, of course, neither possible nor desirable; they must be fused at some point. But winning power and wielding power are now so incompatible that some sort of Kissinger formula should be considered.

Some good folks have been stirring on this problem under the guidance of Harvard's Carl Brauer, a student of presidential transitions. He tapped 150 people from the past nine Administrations. Roosevelt to Reagan, to recommend how Presidents should go about getting the right people to serve and stay. Lyndon Johnson's senior appointees hung around only 2.8 years on the average. The Reagan average is down to two years. One-third of all the senior appointees of the past 20 years served a mere 1.5 years or less. Even a casual observer must ask just what they had in mind—really helping the country, or making important contacts in their search for big quick bucks on the outside.

Among the recommendations of Brauer's group is to allocate \$2 million to \$3 million by this summer for the transition. Some of the money would go to the major party candidates right after they are nominated, even though one will lose. Such a plan, the instigators believe, would appeal to the contenders as a welcome way to armor themselves against the political pressures that they know will explode with victory. How the winner in November goes about gathering the people who will run this country will tell us more about his prospects for success than all his speeches, promises, polls and campaign prowess.



Casey with Reagan: the CIA was the spoils

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Nation

An Impeachment Vote in Arizona

Mecham faces an ouster

Arizona Governor Evan Mecham has attained what most politicians only dream of: nationwide name recognition. In his case, it has been a painful accomplishment. Already lampooned as a right-wing ideologue and bigot, the Governor again made headlines last Friday when the Arizona house voted to hold an impeachment trial. That decision came just four days after state officials announced that a recall election would be held this May—the result of a voter petition. The big question in Arizona these days is whether the former Pontiac dealer will be removed from office by the state senate, ousted by the voters, convicted on any of six felony indictments in a criminal case, or will simply throw in the towel and resign.

Mecham, 63, stumbled into the spotlight early last year, when—in his first major act as Governor—he canceled the state's observation of the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr. Day. That move was followed up with a yearlong string of gaffes and biased statements that managed to alienate blacks, women, gays and, finally, the Governor's fellow Republicans. Mecham's reputation hit bottom last month, when he and his brother Willard were indicted by a state grand jury for willfully concealing a \$350,000 loan made to his election campaign by a real estate developer. Both pleaded not guilty on all charges, and face a criminal trial in March.

The 46-to-14 vote for impeachment followed a report last month by Special Counsel William French, who confirmed



The embattled Governor, right, with his attorney, faces grilling from Arizona house panel

Name your poison: Recall, impeachment trial or six felony charges?

the grand jury's findings. French also accused the Governor of illegally borrowing \$80,000 in public money and attempting to stifle a criminal investigation into allegations that a death threat was made against one of his former aides.

During a combative appearance before the house last week, Mecham insisted he was innocent of any improprieties and complained that his family was being "pilloried, chastised and vilified." While the senate decides whether to remove Mecham permanently from office, Secretary of State Rose Mofford, a Democrat, will serve as acting Governor. So far, Mecham has insisted that resignation is out of the question. But even if he survives his legal challenges, he must still contend with the voters in May.

Last summer he branded the recall movement as the work of a "few homosexuals and dissident Democrats." He toned down his rhetoric after more than 300,000 voters signed the recall petition.

In his State of the State address last month, Mecham made a rare attempt at contrition. "If I had to do it over, I would have realized earlier that style is sometimes as important as substance," he said. "How things are said is sometimes as important as what is said." Just one day later, the old Mecham promptly re-emerged, telling a startled audience how a group of Japanese "got round eyes" when they discussed golf. Embarrassed Arizonans could only hope that the end is in sight.

—By Jon D. Hall/Phoenix

A "Gag Rule" On Abortion

New regulations create a furor

In his State of the Union address last month, Ronald Reagan reiterated an old battle cry, "Let us unite as a nation and protect the unborn," he urged. Within days, the Administration took action, announcing new regulations that will prohibit federally funded family-planning clinics from even mentioning abortion. The restrictions, which would affect 4,000 clinics and 4.3 million patients a year, were attacked last week not only by abortion advocates but by civil liberties groups and a host of medical organizations, some of which filed suit against the Government. The regulations, charged Rachel Pine of the A.C.U., would "turn a public health program into an ideological arm of the present Administration. They are mandating that a physician not give a responsible answer to a patient."

Under the new rules, scheduled to go into effect on March 3, a pregnant woman visiting a clinic that receives Title X family-planning funds can be counseled only on "the prenatal care and social services she needs for a healthy pregnancy," says Otis Bowen, Secretary of Health and Human Services. The clinic cannot advise her about abortion, even if a medical condition such as heart disease makes pregnancy physically hazardous. In the Administration's view, these restrictions are not simply an expression of its philosophical objections to abortion but also carry out a provision in the Title X law, which asserts that abortion cannot be used as a "method of family planning" at federally funded clinics.

Opponents attack the rules on constitutional, ethical and medical grounds.




Mum's the new word

The A.C.U. argues that the regulations would limit the free speech of doctors as well as a woman's right to choose abortion. Some doctors say that by limiting what can be said to patients, the "gag rule" hurts the quality of care and leaves physicians vulnerable to malpractice suits. Says Dr. John J. Graham of the American College of Obstetricians and Gynecologists: "It's unethical, it's bad medicine, and it's inhumane."

Many clinics say they will give up federal funds rather than obey the new rules. California and New York clinics would be required to do so, since state regulations obligate them to inform pregnant patients of all options. But critics are betting that the courts will overturn the Administration's edict before it takes effect. Says Pine: "We have a strong case, and the Government knows it." ■

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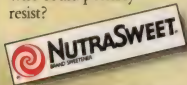
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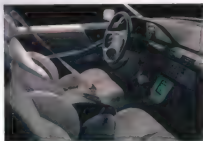


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Marine recruits at Parris Island: "We can no longer go to war without the women"

Redefining a Woman's Place

The Pentagon opens up new posts for female soldiers

For as long as she can remember, Gwen Linde wanted to be a pilot. At Travis Air Force Base in Fairfield, Calif., Linde, 29, is commander of a C-141 transport plane, a mammoth, 75-ton, four-engine workhorse that carries everything from weapons, paratroopers and medical supplies to Bob Hope and his entourage. Leading a crew of six, Linde routinely carries out five-day missions to bases in Hawaii, Guam and the Azores. Her dream, however, is to fly the fighter jets that she once trained others to operate. But since those elite birds are designated for combat, women have been barred from flying them on Air Force missions. "It was always frustrating knowing that I couldn't fly in a fighter plane," says Linde. "But you can't keep knocking your head against a wall."

Each of the U.S. armed forces has regulations, based on congressional legislation, designed to prevent female soldiers from being killed in action or captured as prisoners of war. Instead, women are limited to "combat support" roles. But in an era when combat no longer occurs on clear-cut front lines, supported by a rear echelon, these rules, established after World War II, have created some peculiar quandaries. While Linde and her female colleagues are not permitted to fly fighter aircraft, Air Force women regularly pilot KC-135 tankers that refuel the fighters and make an even more tempting target for enemy missiles. Though women are banned from Navy destroyers, they may support and supply vessels that steam in dangerous waters. Women piloted tankers in the 1986 air strike on Libya and flew cargo planes in the invasion of Grenada. Says Lawrence Korb, a former Pentagon official and Brookings Institution military expert: "It's kidding oneself to think these aren't combat roles."

Last week the Pentagon took a step toward making better sense of a woman's place in the military. Based on the recommendations of a special task force, Secretary of Defense Frank Carlucci ordered a series of reforms that will open up 4,000 Army, Navy, Marine and Air Force posts previously unavailable to women. While not abandoning the exclusionary rule, "we will now go as far as we can within these legislative constraints," explains David Armor, Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense for Force Management and Personnel, who headed the task force. "We're developing a clear rationale for opening all jobs, except those which are strictly combat." The highlights of the reforms:

- The Air Force will allow women aboard high-altitude reconnaissance aircraft such as the SR-71 Blackbird, the TR-1 and the U-2.
- The Marine Corps will have women serve as security guards at U.S. embassies.
- The Navy will permit female personnel on the EP-3 reconnaissance aircraft. The

Pentagon also endorsed the plan announced by Navy Secretary James Webb last month to assign women to ammunition ships, oilers and other vessels in the Navy's "combat logistics force." This policy alone is expected to create up to 9,000 new jobs for female sailors.

► The Army should consider opening certain brigade positions, such as forward support battalions, which do not face the same risks as front-line battalions.

The changes mark a milestone in the gradual integration of women into the ultimate male bastion. In numbers alone, women have already had a radical impact on the armed forces. When the all-volunteer military was introduced in 1973, women accounted for only 1.9% of U.S. forces; today, 220,000 strong, they make up 10%. "We can no longer go to war without the women," says Lieut. General Colin Powell, director of the National Security Council.

Women have excelled in a variety of posts, but the highest rungs of leadership have been difficult to reach. In all the services, the way to the top is through command: of an Army battalion, a ship, an air wing. Partly because of the exclusion from so many designated combat posts, women's military careers tend to top out at the middle ranks. Some 18% of female Army officers are second lieutenants, compared with 11% of male officers. But only 1% of female officers are colonels; 5% of male officers hold that rank. "They're not allowed in the jobs which are critical for competitive promotion," says Korb. The Pentagon's new policy could go a long way toward solving that dilemma.

The Armor task force was created in response to another problem plaguing women in the military: sexual harassment. In the Navy the majority of 1,400 females surveyed last year said they had been victims. Carlucci last week ordered stricter enforcement of sexual harassment codes, development of new sensitivity-training courses, and a system that will allow women to pursue their complaints with other authorities if their local commander fails to respond.

That such measures are necessary underscores the fact that not everyone welcomes the growing role of women in the armed forces. While polls show increasing popular support for women in arms and even for their participation in combat, that last barrier is not likely to fall anytime soon. Congresswoman Beverly Byron, who chairs the House Armed Services Subcommittee on Military Personnel and Compensation, strongly supports the Pentagon reforms, but she admits, "There is a chauvinistic, male repugnance to women in direct combat that I share." Lorrie Hayward, a Nebraska-born lieutenant stationed in Frankfurt, West Germany, is blunter. Says she: "The American people are simply not ready for women coming home in body bags."

—By Jacob V. Lumar Jr.
Reported by D. Blake Halperin/San Francisco and
Bruce van Voorst/Washington



An Army captain at Fort Rucker, Ala.

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American Notes



SYMBOLS Stars won't fall in Alabama

POLITICS

Showdown at The Rostrum

Robert Dole called it a "man-to-man" talk, but it looked and sounded more like a tirade. During a lull in the Senate *contra*-aid debate, the Republican leader angrily strode up to the rostrum where George Bush was presiding, pounded on the desk and waved a Bush campaign press release in the Vice President's face. For five minutes he took his rival for the Republican presidential nomination to task for practicing what he called "low-down, nasty, mean politics."

What steamed the Senator was statements in the press release contending that Dole is "mean-spirited" and practices "cronyism," a reference to recent accusations that he might have improperly helped a former aide obtain a federal contract. The Bush campaign handout also attempted to undercut the Senator's down-home image by portraying Dole and his wife Elizabeth as "millionaires," and by repeating past suggestions that a blind trust for Mrs. Dole might have been mismanaged.

Dole demanded an apology to his wife, but Bush refused to disavow the written statement. Political analysts suspect that paper was meant to put Dole on the defensive, shift attention away from the Vice President's still foggy Iran-*contra* role and goad the Kansas

Senator into a display of his well-known temper. If so, it was at least partly a success.

HOSTAGES

Two Captive Audiences

Got a grievance? Want to win national media attention? Take hostages. That seemed to be the guiding maxim last week in two Southern communities. In the first incident, shotgun-toting Indian Activist Eddie Hatcher, 30, and Timothy Jacobs, 19, a fellow Tuscarora Indian, stormed the offices of North Carolina's Lumberton *Robesonian* and held 17 of the newspaper's employees for ten hours. The duo demanded that Governor James Martin investigate the alleged mistreatment of blacks and Native Americans by local Sheriff Hubert Stone, who has long been a figure of controversy. They surrendered after Martin's office promised a probe.

Just 14 hours later, a drifter by the name of James Harvey, 42, aided by John Rhodes Jr., 42, whom he recruited at the local unemployment office, stormed the West End Christian School in Tuscaloosa, Ala., and seized 80 students and four of their teachers. "There are people on the street who don't have a place to sleep or anything to eat," shouted Harvey. "I am doing this for them." After twelve hours,

Harvey fell for Alabama Governor Guy Hunt's false promise of a pardon. He released his prisoners, was arrested, and, with Rhodes, now possibly faces life in prison for kidnapping.

SYMBOLS

Capture The Flag

More than a century after the Civil War, the rebel battle flag still waves—beneath the Stars and Stripes—at Alabama's state capitol in Montgomery. For black Alabamians, however, that bit of pre-emancipation nostalgia is not an endearing sight. Last week, Representative Thomas Reed led 13 other black legislators in an attempt to scale the capitol dome and strike the rebel colors. Before a crowd of 2,000, some shouting "Nigger go home!" state troopers arrested the group for trespass. Later, the Alabama house, voting 67 to 17 along racial lines, defeated a measure to remove the flag.

Efforts to ban the same banner from the statehouses of South Carolina, Mississippi and Georgia have also failed. But the fight goes on. Says Earl Shinhoster, regional director of the N.A.A.C.P.: "The increased waving of that flag, of singing *Dixie* and the rise in racial hate groups mean it is time to take a concerted effort to remove these symbols."

WASHINGTON

Meese's Ten Secret Words

As Attorney General Edwin Meese told it last week, just "ten words" are the source of the "cascade of misinformation, false headlines, half-truths, innuendo and misunderstanding" about whether he ignored an associate's proposal to bribe Israeli officials. The words, he said, are part of a long document sent to him in 1985 by his former California attorney, E. Robert Wallach, concerning a proposed Iraqi oil pipeline. In a statement to the press, Meese declared that he cannot recall having read the words at the time. But they do not, he said, mention any "bribes or payoffs" to guarantee that Israel would not attack the pipeline.

What are the ten suspicious words? Meese could not say because the Wallach memo has been classified by Independent Counsel James McKay at the request of the State Department. While an interagency committee considers whether to make the memo public, the Los Angeles *Times* reported that the words convey a suggestion that campaign contributions might be presented to Israel's Labor Party. But the party's leaders have denied ever getting a contribution aimed at buying a promise that Israel would not sabotage the proposed pipeline.

World

MIDDLE EAST

Doubt In the Ranks

*An army is troubled
by occupation duty*

Yitzhak, 20, a conscript serving in the Israeli army's elite Givati brigade, has been stationed in the occupied Gaza Strip for nearly seven weeks. Late one night, he recalls, his patrol was directed to "make our presence felt" in a refugee camp by entering houses, dragging all the male occupants outside and beating them severely. "The men screamed in pain," said Yitzhak of the victims. Some soldiers, repelled by their mission, maneuvered to act as cover outside the houses. "No one refused the orders," Yitzhak is quick to point out. But when the mission was over, arguments and even a fistfight broke out between those in the unit who approved of the brutality and those who did not.

Since independence 40 years ago, the Israel Defense Forces have proved a formidable fighting force in five major conflicts and a seemingly endless guerrilla war with the Palestine Liberation Organization. Today, however, the 104,000-strong standing army of the I.D.F. is mired in a different—and more deeply frustrating—kind of mission: containing the uprising of 1.4 million Palestinians no longer willing to submit to Israel's 20-year rule in the West Bank and Gaza Strip. That conflict is producing serious moral and emotional problems for many of the 7,000 soldiers on duty in the occupied territories. It is also raising fears among psychologists and army officers that the occupation will cause lasting damage to one of the world's most respected fighting forces—and Israel's most revered institution. Israel's young soldiers are being asked to shoulder the central burden of the nation: to remain a Jewish democratic state while continuing to occupy the territories by force.



Terror in his eyes, a young Palestinian is seized by Israeli soldiers in Ramallah

The soldiers face that moral dilemma daily as they struggle to carry out a policy enunciated three weeks ago by Defense Minister Yitzhak Rabin of using "force, strength and blows" to put down the rioting. Since then Israeli soldiers have wielded boots, batons and rifle butts against hundreds of unarmed Palestinian men,

women and children. Israeli officials noted that the policy is far more humane than the earlier approach of using live ammunition against the rioters, which left slightly more than three dozen Palestinians dead. Though the beatings seemed to bring an uneasy calm to the occupied territories, Israel's image in the eyes of the world suf-

The Return of the Diplomats

If any good has come from the recent explosion of violence in the Israeli-occupied territories, it has been the revival of U.S. efforts to promote a Middle East peace plan. As outlined by officials in Washington last week, the proposal calls for indirect negotiations involving Israel, Egypt and Jordan, as well as Palestinian representatives from the occupied territories. These discussions, which presumably would be conducted by a shuttling U.S. envoy, would establish some measure of Palestinian self-government in the West Bank and Gaza Strip, culminating in local elections next September. The newly chosen Palestinian officials would meet in December with the Israelis, under the aegis of some

as yet undefined international entity to negotiate the permanent status of the Arab territories conquered by Israel in 1967.

The American initiative, largely based on the moribund 1978 Camp David plan calling for an interim period of Palestinian autonomy, telescopes the earlier agreement's five-year time span into a matter of months. The Reagan Administration's newfound sense of urgency was clearly inspired by the latest Palestinian uprising. The U.S. was also prodded into action by Egyptian President Hosni Mubarak, who in Washington two weeks ago promoted a plan calling for a six-month truce and the convening of an international confer-

ferred greatly as civilian injuries mounted.

The beatings have provided only a temporary respite. Last week fresh waves of violence swept over the West Bank and Gaza. For two days the Casbah of Nablus rang with a harsh tattoo as young stick-wielding Palestinian militants pounded on closed shop shutters and metallic junk barricades. Defying a curfew, the youths, armed with slingshots and iron bars, declared the old, walled portion of the West Bank city to be a Palestinian enclave. Forbidden red-black-white-and-green Palestinian flags waved from the mosques, the gangs controlled the streets, and the army refused to enter.

Overnight, however, heavily reinforced army units retook Nablus. They arrested more than 20 troublemakers and beat countless others. The city and its surrounding refugee camps were placed under a curfew. The violence spread elsewhere, and the army began using bullets once again. Three Palestinians were killed and half a dozen wounded in clashes between troops and stone-throwing protesters in the West Bank village of Anabta.

A few miles away, near Ramallah, a Jewish settler was severely burned by a Molotov cocktail lobbed through his car windshield. Fellow settlers responded by rampaging through Anabta while it was under curfew, smashing windows and wrecking cars before Israeli soldiers ordered them away. In the town of Tul-karm, rumors of further settlers' invasions the next day sparked violent protests that left one Palestinian dead. In Gaza, another died of his wounds, bringing the death toll to 43. Defense Minister Rabin angrily called the settlers a "burden" on hard-pressed security forces. But clashes continued throughout the territories, from re-

mote villages in the north of the West Bank to the cities and camps of Gaza. Reopened only one day, all 800 West Bank schools and universities were recessed indefinitely.

As the violence continues, Israeli soldiers are growing hostile and frustrated. Beseated by fatigue, rain and midwinter cold,

street of Ramallah every morning through a silent crowd of grinning Arabs. As soon as the unit passes, the shops are quickly shuttered again. The process goes on all day, and many troops wonder why they even bother. "We do what we're told," said one soldier. "We're just puppets on a string."

The soldiers spent their four months of basic training learning to fight enemy armies, not to police occupied lands or control riots. The troops have also labored under a series of ambiguous orders as their bewildered generals struggled to find policies that worked. Though Israeli leaders insist that the soldiers are supposed to open fire only when their lives are endangered and beat Palestinians only when confronted, inexperienced conscripts find it hard to define those conditions precisely. And while military leaders now insist that there was no blanket order to administer indiscriminate beatings, the soldiers in the field and the Palestinians in the hospitals give tangible evidence otherwise. Though some troops are only too eager to inflict pain on an Arab, others recoil from the actual process of breaking limbs and splitting heads. Major General Amram Mitzna, commander of Israel's West Bank forces, acknowledged that his troops are troubled by such duty, and so is he. Said Mitzna: "I don't feel so well when I wake up in the morning."

To deal with such qualms, Israel has in recent weeks sent teams of psychologists into the occupied territories to counsel the troops. In a confidential report being prepared by the army, the psychologists warned of grave long-term trouble for the defense forces if the situation goes on. Says one psychologist: "I predict and I assume that if the phenomenon of soldiers using violence in the territories will go on for a long time, it will cause serious problems."

Eventually, the psychologists caution, the systematic use of violence could breed lack of discipline, poor motivation and ingrained brutality. Many warn that the soldiers will transfer some of their aggressive behavior in the occupied territories to civilian life back home. One senior psychologist says he already sees symptoms of two contradictory reactions among the soldiers. At one extreme, he says, are those who are "psychically numb," insensitive and indiscriminate in the use of violence. They view beatings and bullets as the primary solutions to problems they face, and are willing to apply those remedies widely. At the other end of the spectrum are soldiers who shrink from the brutal acts they are ordered to perform. Confused over where their loyalties lie, they suffer from nightmares, depression and lack of motivation. Says the psychologist: "They feel trapped between a commitment to our value system and norms of



Another day, another demonstrator to be hauled off

many say they are fed up with their mission in the territories. "It's a horrible routine," complained one young conscript as he plodded through the daily ritual of forcing striking merchants to open their shops. Slamming up the shutters and using crowbars to crack flimsy padlocks, the soldiers move wearily down the main

ence. The Administration combined some of Mubarak's suggestions with elements of previous proposals into what Secretary of State George Shultz last week called a "blend of ideas."

The response from Israel's divided leadership was ambivalent. Though hard-liners like Defense Minister Yitzhak Rabin have been warning that the Palestinians should not be rewarded for their violence with negotiations, Foreign Minister Shimon Peres publicly applauded the U.S. initiative. Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir initially indicated that he might accept "something less" than the Camp David timetable. But under strong pressure from the right wing of his Likud bloc, he expressed little flexibility, telling the Knesset he would make no "territorial concessions" and that the interim autonomy period would

have to last for the full five years.

The Palestine Liberation Organization and Syria rejected the plan out of hand. But the Reagan Administration, seeking support from more moderate Arabs, last week sent Special Envoy Philip Habib to Amman to brief Jordan's King Hussein on the plan. The King reportedly endorsed Washington's stepped-up involvement but remained noncommittal about specifics. The U.S. will launch a diplomatic blitz this week in support of its proposals. Under Secretary of State Michael Armacost and Assistant Secretary of State Richard Murphy will fly to Israel. Murphy will also visit several Arab capitals. But it seems a long shot at best for the U.S., in the waning months of the Reagan presidency, to come up with a solution that has eluded the region for four decades.

World

behavior, and a commitment to the army and its orders. Do they obey the call of orders or the call of conscience?"

In an open letter published two weeks ago in Israel's Hebrew-language newspapers, some 500 psychologists and psychiatrists expressed similar concerns about the effect of the occupation on Israel as a whole. "This situation has a horrible influence on the Jewish population," they wrote. "We are busy every day in the act of oppression. We are losing our sensitivity to human suffering, and our children are being brought up on values of discrimination and racism. Our soldiers are put in an impossible situation from a moral point of view."

For the moment, most soldiers are coping relatively well. "If you don't behave as strong as a conqueror, you can't survive there," says a 23-year-old stationed in the West Bank. "You have to cut out thinking, be strong and do nasty things." To those troops who felt humiliated at having to stand by helplessly while Arabs taunted them, the beatings policy has served as a welcome antidote. Army casualties in the occupied territories have been light, but Palestinian guerrillas from Lebanon, attempting to capitalize on the uprising, killed two Israeli soldiers while seeking to attack Jewish settlements in northern Galilee.

Nizan, a 20-year-old in the Golani brigade, finds the beatings policy too weak. "I would have liked to behave in a more brutal way toward them and to really stick it to them," he said. "I'm sure if we pressed them to the wall, people here would start to understand we are the ones who run the show." Shmuel, a self-declared "rightist" who emigrated from France in 1984, agreed: "Three weeks ago, when we used the easy hand on them, it didn't work. The only thing they understand is the strong hand. I thought I could get along with the Arabs, but today I realize that is not possible anymore."

While the tougher tactics have eased frustrations within the ranks, some officers are worried that their troops' skills and discipline are being undermined. "There is a professional problem," says Nimrod, 34, commander of a Golani battalion. "I'm not doing what I'm trained to do. I'm not training soldiers to do what we should be doing." Like his men, Nimrod feels the stress of trying to obey his superiors. "As part of an explicit policy, I explicitly order my men to beat people, to beat them hard," he says. "I accept it because if we don't beat them, we will have to shoot them. But I myself can't beat them. For the first time in my life I give an order, and then I turn my back so I won't see it done." What the army is doing in the territories, says the officer, a fighter in the unaccustomed role of occupier, "is against everything I believe in." That is a dilemma the entire nation must face.

—By Johanna McGeary, Reported by Ron Ben-Yishai/Jerusalem

SOUTH AFRICA

The Man Who Gives Botha Fits

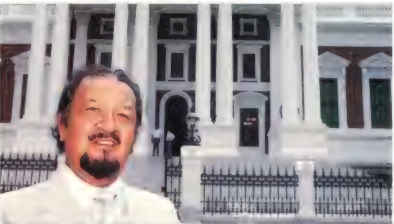
Colored Leader Allan Hendrickse stands up to the government

South Africa's Parliament is officially segregated into three houses—one for whites, one for so-called coloreds, one for Asians, and none at all for the country's black majority. When State President P.W. Botha opened this year's session in Cape Town last week, he addressed the members of all three houses in a new \$16 million, 340-seat assembly hall. But the new auditorium may not get much use.

After Botha finished his speech, a 35-minute droner devoted almost entirely to the economy, the briefly integrated assemblage filed out to reconvene as usual in three separate chambers. And though the government has proposed that joint sessions be held periodically,

elections from 1989 to 1992. Shocked by the strong showing of the far-right Conservative Party in last year's balloting and alarmed that his party might lose control of the government, Botha wants to delay next year's vote. But the deferral must be approved by all three houses. Hendrickse says he will pass the measure only if Botha will agree to repeal, not just amend, the Group Areas Act. As Hendrickse told Botha, "If you continue fiddling with the Group Areas Act without making radical changes, the Labor Party will have no other option than to send you back to the voting polls in 1989."

A former high school teacher who was detained for two months in 1976 for political activism, Hendrickse became



At Parliament: the former teacher rejects joint sessions as a cosmetic half step

By holding firm, he says, "we are no longer seen as collaborators with the system."

the colored House of Representatives and its leader, the Rev. Allan Hendrickse, have rejected the proposal as a cosmetic half step. The dispute is only the latest confrontation between Botha and Hendrickse, 60, a portly, goateed former Congregational minister. Says Hendrickse: "P.W. Botha is the sort of person who does not give in."

The bad blood between the two has been flowing since early last year, when Hendrickse sauntered into the surf at a whites-only beach as a demonstration against apartheid. Hendrickse, whose Labor Party holds 76 of the colored House's 85 seats, opposes Botha's key political legislation this year, including several amendments to the Group Areas Act, which chops South Africa into segregated areas.

Botha and his National Party, which controls 133 of the 166 elected seats in the all-white House of Assembly, could pass these measures anyway. Botha, however, cannot prevent Hendrickse from blocking another proposal—the postponement of

chairman of the House of Representatives ministers' council in September 1984, which earned him a seat in Botha's Cabinet. When Botha learned last August that Hendrickse intended to block the postponement, he warned him that he could not do so and remain in the Cabinet. Hendrickse resigned. He is convinced that Botha is trying to split the Labor Party and replace him with a more pliant leader. Says he: "Carrots have been dangled."

If Hendrickse retains control and keeps saying no to Botha, Parliament will be dissolved in September 1989. Hendrickse is confident that Labor will fare well at the polls. "Our stance has enhanced our position in the colored community," he says. "We are no longer seen as collaborators with the system." But Botha is famously intolerant of opposition and is unlikely to repeal the Group Areas Act. Hendrickse's opinion of the prospects for reform this year: "Bleak." —By Bruce W. Nelson/Cape Town



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BULGARIA

Too Much, Too Soon

Slowing the pace of reform

As the Soviet Union's most loyal ally in Eastern Europe, stolid Bulgaria has always followed in Moscow's footsteps. The economic reform drive launched by Soviet Leader Mikhail Gorbachev seemed no exception to that rule. In a startling turn away from its hard-line policies of the past, the regime headed by Communist Party Leader Todor Zhivkov, 76, swiftly followed Gorbachev's lead. From promised press freedoms to plans for a new commercial banking system, Zhivkov's program seemed intended, as a Western diplomat in Sofia put it, "to out-Gorbachev Gorbachev."

No more. Since the New Year, virtually all of Bulgaria's new initiatives appear to have been put on hold amid indications that the hastily implemented reforms were creating economic havoc. Some factories closed after managers panicked when called on to make decisions and failed to issue essential orders. New banks did little business, in part because few Bulgarians understood commercial finance. The media remained mostly muzzled. At last month's party conference, Zhivkov delivered an underlying message of caution and restraint even as he insisted that "revolutionary changes" would continue in Bulgaria. Stressing that Bulgaria's development henceforth would be "stage by stage," Zhivkov indicated that some major reforms would be delayed until 1991.

The abrupt slowdown seemed to reflect Soviet misgivings about Sofia's hurried embrace of change. Last October, Zhivkov was summoned to Moscow for a meeting with Gorbachev. Afterward, Gorbachev released a communiqué stating, "It is impossible to do everything in one go," and advising that "the party is the only guarantee of the restructuring." Western analysts read the message as a rebuke to Zhivkov for a reform drive that was long on rhetoric and short on action, and concluded that Gorbachev was issuing a warning to the East bloc as a whole: Do not allow reform to affect the dominant role of the Communist Party.

Amid the ebb and flow of promises, daily life remains drab for ordinary Bulgarian citizens. Western experts estimate that the standard of living has stagnated or dropped slowly over the past two years: the monthly wage now stands at about \$250, compared with \$350 for Czechoslovakia. The economy provides adequate supplies of staples but little else. Young people feel especially frustrated at the lack of real reform. Says a 20-year-old Sofia steelworker: "We're all hoping for big changes and new leadership. But we don't expect them soon."



Zhivkov calls for caution and restraint

For the young, special frustration.

Organized dissent is nonexistent in such a tightly controlled society; in any case, deep-seated nationalism has cemented widespread, largely unquestioning loyalty to the system. The folksy Zhivkov, after nearly 34 years in power, remains remarkably popular, especially with rural Bulgarians, and is believed to be in good health. He has shown no inclination to move off the political stage but has hinted that he may retire within the next two years. No one knows whether that too is a reform that might be pushed back.

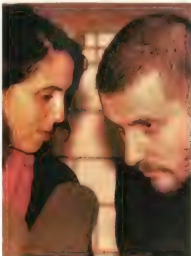
—By Kenneth W. Banta/Sofia

EAST GERMANY

Glasnost Chorus

The regime tones down dissent

Braving a cold winter rain, about 2,000 young people packed East Berlin's Evangelical Bartholomäus Church last week. The setting was a religious one, but the message was plainly political—a prayer service to honor some 20 East German dissidents jailed last month for disturbing the peace and having "treasonous



Klier and Krawczyk: "treasonous contacts"

contacts." A few years ago, such a meeting would have been unthinkable in tightly controlled East Germany. But the *glasnost* breezes from Moscow seem to have emboldened a new generation to challenge the regime of Erich Honecker.

Last week Stephan Krawczyk, 32, a popular antiestablishment folk singer, and his wife Freya Klier, 37, a theater director, left the country rather than face charges of treasonable activities. The singer, once praised by the regime, had become an increasingly strident dissident. Krawczyk was arrested, along with about 120 others, following a Jan. 17 Communist Party rally in East Berlin during which protesters displayed banners calling for greater democracy. A poster quoted Rosa Luxemburg, a Communist heroine whose murder in 1919 was being commemorated that day: FREEDOM IS ALWAYS THE FREEDOM FOR OTHERS TO THINK DIFFERENTLY.

Dissent in East Germany flows from a patchwork of diverse little groups whose aims sometimes conflict. Some seek immigration to the West, others want to stay and press for greater civil liberties; still others focus on environmental issues. The groups have received support and protection from East Germany's Protestant churches, which have enjoyed improved relations with the regime since Honecker met with church leaders in 1978.

Despite Moscow's more lenient attitude toward criticism, the Honecker government has tried to keep its youth under firm control by suppressing demonstrations and confiscating printing equipment. Leaders on both sides of the Berlin Wall are concerned over the growing ranks of those protesting the January arrests. Honecker, who has taken pains to show that his country is improving its human rights stance, wants to avoid hostile international publicity. West Germany, for its part, wants to preserve relatively friendly bilateral relations. East German Lawyer Wolfgang Vogel, an experienced East-West negotiator, met last week with Ludwig Rehlinger, the West German Secretary of State for Inner-German Affairs, to find a "humanitarian solution" to the growing crisis. Their discussions paved the way for Krawczyk, his family and another dissident to be escorted to West Germany. But, said Krawczyk last week, "we did not willingly leave. The alternatives we faced were either jail sentences of two to twelve years, or immediate emigration. We demand to be allowed to return to the German Democratic Republic."

It is increasingly obvious, even to East Berlin authorities, that not all dissidents can be packed off to the West. Late last week, five more East German dissidents were released onto West German soil. According to Protestant church sources, two of them have permission to return to the G.D.R. after two years, while another two may keep their East German passports and citizenship. —By J.D. Reed, Reported by John Kohan/East Berlin

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BRITAIN

Bringing Down the House

Meet "Red Ken," the most outrageous politician in Parliament

The debate in the House of Commons was heated and noisy, so naturally the Honorable Member from Brent East was in the thick of it. Discussing the deaths of suspected terrorists in Northern Ireland, Ken Livingstone suggested that the British Attorney General was an "accomplice to murder." Tories shouted, "Withdraw!" and the Speaker admonished the Labor M.P. demanding that he rephrase his comment. As Livingstone sat silently unrepentant, the Commons voted to oust him from the chamber. A sword-bearing sergeant at arms escorted him out the door.

The suspension lasted only five days, and by last week Livingstone was back in the House, ready to continue declaiming, posturing and in general living up to his reputation as Parliament's most outrageous figure. Dubbed "Red Ken" by the London tabloids, Livingstone, 42, is famous for his unabashed support of leftist causes and for launching indecorous assaults on government officials. He is also, not coincidentally, a major pain in the aspirations of Labor Leader Neil Kinnock, who wants to broaden his party's appeal by staking out more moderate positions. When Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher won a third five-year term last year, Livingstone and others on Labor's "loony left" got much of the blame for the Conservatives' success.

The son of a chorus girl, Livingstone worked as a lab technician before entering politics. He became a folk hero for many Laborites in 1981, when he was elected leader of the Greater London Council. Livingstone turned the council, responsible for such matters as public transit, garbage collection and social wel-



Ken Livingstone in a playful pose
Funds for Babies Against the Bomb

fare projects, into the biggest-spending local government Britain had ever seen. He attracted headlines by doling out tax funds to every group imaginable, including a gay community center, a Welsh harp society, a graffiti workshop and an organization called Babies Against the Bomb. The council declared London a nuclear-free zone, earning plaudits from the Kremlin.

Family Feud

A party splits, a party is born

After months of wrangling, the Social Democratic Party dismembered itself last week. At the University of Sheffield in central England, party delegates voted 273 to 28 to merge with the nearly twice as large Liberal Party. The two centrist groups had been partners under the Alliance banner since 1981, and began talking merger when their candidates won only 22 of 650 seats in last year's parliamentary elections. But while their formal marriage was intended to strengthen future showings, it sealed a bitter divorce between the Social Democrats and former Labor David Owen, who co-founded the party in 1981. Arguing that the Social Democrats would be swallowed up by the Liberals, Owen bolted with a clutch of fol-

lowers to form a new party, the Campaign for Social Democracy.

Emotions ran so high before the vote that Owen's backers refused to sleep in the same hotel as the promerger forces. Social Democratic President Shirley Williams angrily accused Owen, a former Labor Foreign Minister, of "acting with impetuosity at the moment of crisis" and warned that "all of us will be losers" if the proposed union did not pass. "Mergers" tried to block a rally that Owen had called to launch his group, but they backed down after both sides assembled legal teams.

The vote delighted members of the Liberal Party, which approved the merger three weeks ago. Liberal Party Leader David Steel said the wide margin of approval "means that both parties can go



Former Leader Owen

forward together not just with confidence but with enthusiasm." Robert Maclennan, who succeeded Owen as head of the Social Democrats, declared that the newly formed party "has a great opportunity to take British politics out of the straitjacket of Conservative dominance."

Britain's political lineup will now pit the newly created Social and Liberal Democrats

and Owen's breakaway party against the leftist Laborites and Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher's Conservatives. Though the new parties hope to weaken the Conservatives' mandate, they could have precisely the opposite effect. By dividing an already weak opposition even further, they just might give Maggie Thatcher's Tories a real shot at governing England for the rest of the century. ■

While Livingstone won wider support for slashing subway and bus fares, his policies infuriated many Britons. One of them was Thatcher, who pushed legislation through Parliament abolishing the council in 1986. Out of a job, Livingstone was elected to the House last year from Brent East, in northwest London. His fellow Labor M.P.s shunned him, but party rank and file later elected him to a seat on Labor's ruling council.

In his maiden Commons speech, Livingstone angered the House by accusing British security services of atrocities in Northern Ireland, one of his favorite issues. In November, after a bomb planted by the Irish Republican Army killed eleven people in the town of Enniskillen, Livingstone caused another furor by saying Ulster was Britain's Viet Nam and predicting that the I.R.A. would win the conflict. Livingstone defied Kinnock by demanding that Britain cut its defense budget and withdraw from the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. By warning of a civil war within the party, he embarrassed Kinnock into dropping plans for a review of Labor's nonnuclear defense policy.

A rabid publicity hound he posed for a magazine fashion spread knocking down two pillars, a la Samson. Livingstone disarms critics with his self-deprecating humor. If he ever becomes Prime Minister, Livingstone once joked, "so many people will leave the country that I'll have no unemployment problem." An animal fancier who keeps newts and lizards, Livingstone may never reach 10 Downing Street, but his irreverence will probably help keep him on the public stage for years to come. That is, if he doesn't tire of playing the flamboyant maverick. "Anyone who enjoys being in the House of Commons," he said after his recent expulsion, "probably needs psychiatric care."

—By Scott MacLeod

Reported by Helen Gibson/London

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DIPLOMACY Papandreou and Ozal in Davos



SOVIET UNION Endangered species parked at the Kremlin



NAZIS Heidegger circa 1934

DIPLOMACY

Trying to Melt The Ice

In midwinter, the Alpine village of Davos is an unlikely setting for any kind of thaw, much less one in relations between such bitter adversaries as Greece and Turkey. But a new era of Aegean neighborliness may be under way following secretly arranged meetings in the Swiss resort last month between Greek Prime Minister Andreas Papandreou and Turkish Prime Minister Turgut Ozal. The leaders established two committees, one to foster ties in trade, tourism, banking, communications and culture, another to study perennial disagreements over air space and Aegean seabed and water rights.

Détente first bloomed after Papandreou sent a conciliatory message to Ozal. That led to two days of meetings during a World Economic Forum gathering in Davos. Papandreou and Ozal agreed to hold annual summits and set up an Ankara-Athens hotline to avoid misunderstandings.

SOVIET UNION

Pitfalls of Perestroika

When is one Communist more equal than another? When he is tooling around in a cur-

tained, chauffeur-driven limousine with official license plates. In the spirit of General Secretary Mikhail Gorbachev's policy of *perestroika* (restructuring), however, that ultimate Kremlin status symbol of privilege and power will soon be a memory for thousands of bureaucrats. The Soviet Council of Ministers last week ordered the government's automobile fleet slashed by 40% in Moscow and 20% elsewhere in the country beginning July 1. Says Soviet Economist Abel Aganbegyan: "This is a way to pursue social justice. Politicians must expect to lose their privileges."

NAZIS

Heil, Heidegger?

Was the work of one of this century's most influential philosophers marred by his allegiance to the Nazi movement? That is the central question in a debate that has been raging since the publication last October of a new book on German philosopher Martin Heidegger. The volume, *Heidegger and Nazism*, was written by Chilean Scholar Victor Farias and published in France after two West German houses rejected the manuscript. Although scholars have long known about Heidegger's early flirtation with National Socialism, he was generally thought to have become disenchanted

with Hitler well before the outbreak of World War II. With new documentation, Farias charges that Heidegger, who died in 1976, was a lifelong anti-Semite and a devoted, dues-paying party member until the end of the war. Farias also notes that Heidegger went out of his way to praise Hitler to his colleagues and failed even after the war to criticize Nazi atrocities and genocide.

In France, where Heidegger's concepts of "authenticity" and liberty powerfully influenced the Existentialists, many intellectuals have rushed to his defense. Philosopher François Fédier called Farias' charges a "misinterpretation," while Author Andre Glucksmann, although not a supporter of Heidegger's ideas, mockingly compared the work to a "police dossier."

POLAND

The Price Is Wrong

Price hikes seem to make Poles see red. Riots over such increases toppled Poland's leadership in 1956, 1970 and 1980. So Warsaw officials tread cautiously last week when they announced price rises on virtually everything from cigarettes to kindergarten classes in the sharpest round of increases in six years. Though the jump in food prices was far smaller than the 110% boost that voters rejected in November, at

40% it was big enough to cause new ripples of unrest. In Gdansk, some 3,000 protesters chanted slogans and waved banners outside the local Communist Party headquarters.

BRITAIN

Have a Nice Day, Luv

Losing a war against impudent American colonists was bad enough, but now this! The Americans are invading Britain to teach her majesty's civil servants to be more civil. California's Sterling Consulting Group has been hired to give 900 employees of the government's Export Credits Guarantee Department lessons on how to be nice to their customers by using, among other things, a pleasant tone of voice and careful choice of words. "We don't give smile training, or teach people how to say 'Have a nice day!'" says Consultant Karen Dunn.

Many Britons seem prepared to accept that British manners, a tradition no less dear than the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace, are in decline. What roils some Brits is that Americans are giving the advice. Harumphed a commentator in the *Daily Mail*: "Surely it is the depth of bureaucratic rudeness to imply there is not a single native of these shores capable of inculcating patience and good manners."

On Your Marks

Because they originally exercised in the nude, Greek Olympians probably never envisioned Winter Games. But there must be a charm to chilblains, for the more appealing of the quadrennial conventions in the Olympics' two-party system is often the younger, smaller, more mysterious winter segment. Just the thought of a global snowball fight is amusing, but think of it as a happier reason for the world to shiver.

Normally, at least in the mind's eye, these pneumonia festivals are staged in intimate Tyrolean villages built on the order of cuckoo clocks and peopled largely by Peter Sellers. But this year's host, for 16 days starting Saturday, is Calgary, Canada, a prairie town muscled into an oil capital, a sprawling city in every sense. Venues may seem a bit more scattered than usual, but this is where Canadian ingenuity comes in. The writer Pierre Berton offers a definition: "A Canadian is someone who could make love in a canoe." After all, isn't intimacy part balance and part illusion? From an American standpoint, another attraction may be that the Yanks don't win so often. Almost four years since that pretty but loud Los Angeles summer, the star-spangled anthem still screams in a few ears, and humming along with Finns and Norwegians will be a pleasure.

Coming straight from the Super Bowl, U.S. reporters have their most penetrating questions ready (How tall do you have to be to qualify for the giant slalom?). Having just reminded themselves that luge is the French word for Flexible Flyer. At Sarajevo four years ago, intent on seeing those marvelous birdmen sail off their 90-meter sliding boards, two sportswriters hopped an untended ski lift. Halfway up the foggy mountain, the one from Atlanta asked the handsomer one from New York, "Is this more dangerous than you thought?" The chair seemed to tilt away, leaving them hugging the frame and dangling in the sky. It wasn't until a rider passed by going the other way that they glanced straight up and pulled down the crossbar that holds you in.

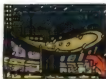
Other handy things to know: the Alpine skiers are the ones showing their trademarks to the cameras; the Nordic skiers have the icicles in their beards. Slaloms are perfectible, downhill only survivable. The best biathlete is one whose pounding heart won't betray his rifle's aim. And the speed skaters are the kind dressed like frogmen.

For four quiet years the athletes in these sweet, neglected sports have been up at dawn polishing their dreams, and are ready now to show us how far, how fast, how beautifully they can go. We so seldom drop by their world, and yet are made welcome. The opening ceremonies will feature Jamaican bobsleders still thrilling at the recent sighting of their first snow. "I am all alone with the mountain," Jean-Claude Killy used to murmur, but the golden skier of Grenoble was also known to drop his pants in midair and park his Volkswagen in the hotel lobby. This is serious stuff, but it promises to be fun.

—By Tom Callahan







The host city knows how to throw a five-ring blast. But if a hot time is in the wind, it could quickly turn the mountain snows to mush

Calgary Stirs Up A Warm Welcome

The two skaters were inscribing energetic loops around the tidy patch of ice across from Calgary's frumpy, circa 1911 city hall, playing hooky from classes at Mount Royal College. "It's so nice and warm today," says Christine Kilpatrick, 23, flashing a smile that would melt half the snow in the province of Alberta. "It's the friendliness that keeps the city warm," adds Kimberly Palsen, 18. Six hundred forty-seven thousand Calgarians, on the nervous verge of being discovered by a world ready to attend the XV Olympiad Winter Games, are determined to ladle on a downright cordial welcome. "Smile, you're a tourist attraction" has become an unofficial local slogan. To a visitor, plunked down at the confluence of the Bow and Elbow rivers 150 miles north of Montana, Calgary seems to have an unsophisticated, almost south-of-the-border Texas personality.

The accent's a little different, is all.

Oil wells operate within sight of the runways at Calgary International Airport. At Coconut Joe's, the joint with the concrete palm trees out front, a favorite drink is root-beer schnapps. And in what passes for subtlety, the two Olympic mascots, male and female bears, are named Howdy and Hidy. Get it? First settled in 1875 by a band of men on horseback representing the North-West Mounted Police, Calgary today looks nearly brand new. Credit that to oil, which lies beneath the surrounding prairie in vast pools and has made a passel of folks as rich as the Ewings from *Dallas*. Of the 1,000 or so petroleum companies registered in Canada, 800 hang their Stetsons in Calgary. Block after block of antiseptic-looking office towers have popped out of the ground in the past 15 years, creating the illusion on a crisp February night of a

skyline cut meticulously from cardboard.

Pickup trucks would have to be designated the city's official vehicle, but the Mercedes dealer does just fine too. Though the oil business has been a tad slow lately, Edgar's Lone Star Mercedes-Benz is Canada's largest independent dealer, selling cars that range right up to \$85,000. Contemplating his spanking new showroom with 8,000 sq. ft. of black marble, Mike Edgar is a cockeyed optimist about the future—like most Calgarians. "We wouldn't have gone to this expense, bordering on decadence," he says, "if we thought the business was going to be dicey, or even questionable."

On a Saturday afternoon there are more pickups than Mercedes in the dirt parking lot at Ranchman's ("Canada's Greatest Honky Tonk!!"). Inside, there are more cowboy hats than cowboys. But there is an aura of at least the '80s Wild Wild West. Tucked in a corner behind the Gunsmoke video game is Punchball, a device resembling a prizefighter's speed bag. For a quarter you can haul off and smash the bag while a meter registers the force of the blow. Splashes of dried blood on the leather indicate that some cowpokes have broken their hands trying to impress that cute little filly from down the road in Medicine Hat. Lance Atwood, 33, one of the real cowboys who calls Ranchman's home, can readily separate a fellow cowboy out of the herd of lawyers, accountants and truck drivers. "You come in here on Saturday at midnight," he says with amused tolerance, "and just imagine how many lies are being told."

The rough-and-rollicking stereotype of Calgary has been created, in large part, by the summer shindig known as the Calgary Stampede, a major stomp on the ro-



READY AND ROLICKING

Takes on the town: a chair lift scales the heights to the ski-jump site at the Olympic Park; whooping it up at the Rocking Horse Saloon; the skyline, a testament to oil and cattle; a Stampede belt buckle, just the thing for urban cowboys and cowgirls

deo circuit that has been drawing revelers since 1912. Some citizens would like to shuck that image. "People think of Calgary as a town full of red-neck, capitalist cowboys driving Cadillacs," complains Rod Love, who works in the mayor's office. "We are the financial and technical capital of Western Canada." There is a stock exchange and a contingent of high-tech companies to back up that claim. There is even a mayor who acts plumb comfortable in pinstripes and silk ties.

A former television reporter with an expressive, Silly-Putty kind of face, Ralph Klein went straight from covering city hall to running it in 1980. Now in his third term and a tireless polisher of his city's image, Klein is full of rosy facts and rousing figures about the Games. Some 80,000 visitors will jam the hotels, and every event should be close to a sellout. The Canadian organizers expect to turn a \$23 million profit. In addition, Calgary will inherit state-of-the-art facilities, such as the \$31 million indoor speed-skating oval and the ski jumps and bobsled and luge runs at nearby Canada Olympic Park.

The mayor and Olympic officials are trying to stare down one looming controversy as the opening ceremonies approach. A tribe of Indians, the Lubicon Lake Band from northern Alberta, is protesting the Games to bring attention to a century-old unsettled land claim. "I support their claim," says Klein, who speaks a dialect of the Blackfoot language. "I oppose their methods." Local police and the Mounties are prepared for demonstrations—and for the ever present threat of international terrorism. Although security experts privately believe the risk posed

by terrorists is low, they are taking no chances. The Olympic Village has been surrounded by a double fence affixed with electronic detection devices.

No precautions can control another specter that hangs over the city. It is the arch of clouds created by the dread Chinook wind that sweeps out of the west each winter at speeds up to 72 m.p.h. The winds can raise the temperature by 18° in the time it takes to grill an Alberta-bred New York strip steak. The Chinook could turn venues in the mountains into piles of slush. Snowmaking machines are already churning away, building stockpiles in case.

Calgary is no one-cuisine culinary backwater, as some smaller Winter Olympics-host towns have been. There is a large and prosperous Chinese community with roots dating back to 1883, when the tracks of the Canadian Pacific Railway were laid. In recent years the scores of Chinese restaurants have been supplemented by a handful of Japanese, Korean and Vietnamese establishments, and there are also French, Italian and Greek entries. A first-rate seafood restaurant, Cannery Row, has fresh fish flown in from Vancouver. Still, a steakhouse is Calgary's idea of a real night out. At Hy's the menu lists seven different steak dishes, and near the bottom is a discreet announcement to gluttons pointing out that a 2-lb sirloin can be custom ordered for king-size appetites. Seven-ounce fillets, however, outsell 20-oz. T-bones by a 10-to-1 ratio these days. "Even here, eating habits have changed," admits Assistant Headwaiter Beau Yee.

An effort to get restaurants to hold the line on prices and avoid the black eye earned by greedy gouge artists in Lake Placid eight years ago has met with only mixed

success. "We are not going to raise our prices in any way, shape or form," says Wayne Bullard, a partner in a group that owns four restaurant-bars along the city's liveliest strip on "Electric Avenue." But only 91 of the area's 1,300 restaurants have pledged to comply with voluntary restraints.

Other prices have escalated. Last winter an adventurous tourist could have had a bone-rattling ride down the Olympic bobsled run for \$20. Before the ride was closed to tourists last month, the same 60 seconds of terror cost \$39. A simulated bobsled run at the Olympic Center downtown is free but is a pale imitation of the real thing. The equally free simulation of the 90-meter ski jump, however, is realistic enough to discourage all but the most demented from thinking about attempting the actual hill. Fortunately, that is a thrill forbidden to foolish amateurs.

One welcome thrill for visitors carrying U.S. currency: the greenback goes 27% further in Calgary. Despite the battering the dollar has taken virtually everywhere else, Canadians still refer to it as "real money." A few other measurements differ as well. Nostalgia buffs will be able to buy gasoline once more at Esso stations, but it is sold by the liter, not by the gallon. And then there are the speed limits, which are delineated in kilometers per hour. Californians, like most Canadians, are unusually law abiding by American standards. When it comes to speeders, the Mounties almost always get their man. Visitors should slow their pace and accept that Calgary is a small town in spirit. Says Mayor Klein: "People here still say 'Hi' to strangers on the street." By that measurement, whatever the weather, everyone seems certain to have a warm Winter Games.

—By Paul A. Wittman/Calgary



Perfecting her figures in premed and on the ice, Debi Thomas mutters intently, "I just know I can win the gold"

The Word She Uses Is "Invincible"

The loveliest Olympic sport, figure skating, actually preceded the first Winter Games by 16 years, debuting in the summer of 1908. Attention quickly centered on the women (skating people prefer you to say ladies), though dimpled Sonja Henie was just 15 in 1928 when she won the first of three gold medals that launched her multimillion-dollar movie career. In at least two respects, the blond Norwegian starlet of *Sun Valley Serenade* is still the ideal. East Germany's Katarina Witt, reigning world and Olympic champion, is studying to be an actress. And U.S. Challenger Debi Thomas, Witt's primary competition in Calgary, likes the sound of multimillions.

From Tentley Albright's time in 1956, through the princess phases of 1960's Carol Heiss (who made less than multimillions in *Snow White and the Three Stooges*), of 1968's Peggy Fleming and of 1976's Dorothy Hamill, Americans got to feeling sort of proprietary about the ladies' gold necklace. "But now it's been twelve years since we've won it," says Thomas, with a look of eagles, "and I'm going to fight to bring it back." Unbailing her fists, she mutters to herself, "If I can keep my head screwed on, I just know I can win the gold."

It is a remarkable head. In a 40-year flashback to Albright and Dick Button, a Harvard doctor and lawyer who won gold medals in their free time, Thomas, 20, is a Stanford premed student with an out-of-fashion perspective. "Maybe I have different values, I don't know," she says. "But I think my outlook on life has been my advantage. Things like the importance of an education and being whatever you can be give me an inner

strength to pull things off on the ice."

Like most wisdom, hers can be traced to a loss. "At 13 years old, I had three triple jumps, and I thought, 'I can't be beat.' But I didn't even make it to the sectionals, let alone the nationals. Right then I decided I wasn't going to put the rest of my life on the line in front of some judges who might not like my yellow dress. That was the year I did correspondence school; you know, mail-it-in junk. I didn't learn a thing, and I wanted to learn everything."

By the way, Thomas is black. But she seems to regard her race as the merest coincidence. When she hears the term role model, she cringes. "I never felt I had to have a role model," she says. "It was like, 'O.K., I want to be a doctor, and I want to be a skater, and I'm going to.' I didn't think I had to see a black woman do this to believe it's possible." Her burgeoning mail tells her that in spite of herself, she has been an inspiration to young black women and is about to become a nationwide, if not a worldwide, symbol. "If so," she says, "I have to be glad."

In fact, Thomas had a very strong role model in Janice, her mother. Most of the skaters have strong mothers, and most of the mothers have mink coats. "But my mother's not a rink mom," says Debi. "She works." She's a programmer-analyst in California's Silicon Valley, divorced from Debi's father since 1974. "A coach once advised Mom to rent a fur coat just for the nationals, but I did all right that year without the fur coat." Janice Thomas laughs and says, "They tell you it's to attract sponsorship money, as well as to look a certain part when you're away from the arena. I told them, 'Too bad.' I didn't want them changing me either."





BACK ON TOP

Thomas regained her U.S. title with a bravura performance. Now she is ready to take on East Germany's great Katarina Witt. In coincidental symmetry, the two will finish to the music of Bizet in a showdown of dueling Carmens.



STEELY RESOLVE

After her morning workout on the ice, Thomas regularly lifts weights. During competition, she determinedly absorbs the advice of "Mr. McGowan"

Including the coach's salary (Debi's coach since she was ten has been a Scot named Alex McGowan), a world-class training program is likely to cost a skater's family \$25,000 a year. "I'm kind of a spoiled brat," Thomas says. "It's like, my mom didn't always have the money for something, but we'd get it anyway." The "brat" fails to mention all the dresses she personally sewed and beaded, or the years she made do with other people's customized boots. She does say, "Sometimes I went without lessons for a few months until we'd catch up on the bills." Of her father, who also works in the computer industry, Thomas notes carefully, "He helps now, but it was my mom who put it all on the line for me."

Janice Thomas, a veterinarian's daughter, grew up in an atmosphere of achievement around Wichita, where it took her a while in the '50s to realize that blacks were restricted to the balconies of movie houses; she thought it was the preferred view. Quickly married and divorced, she occasionally toted an infant son to physics class at Wichita State. Her second brief marriage produced both a daughter and a transfer to San Jose. The baby girl audited graduate school and made early memories of symphonies, operas, ballets and ice shows. "Debi comes from several generations of people who refused to think in black-and-white terms," her mother says. "But I communicated my lunch-counter experiences to her, and she's had a few of her own. When Debi was eleven, we came home from a competition to a cross burning in the front yard. But our reaction to awful things

written on the garage door, or eggs splattered all over the car, was to recognize them as isolated incidents, to wipe them off and not make a big deal of it."

In a sport so subjective and judgmental, not to mention whiter than several shades of snow blindness, a black child might be excused for factoring racism into indecipherable marks. Especially during Thomas' dues-paying years, peacher opponents without even a double Axel (2½ rotations in midair) were outscoring her triple jumps. After one such disappointment, Janice suggested a refinement. Motivating toward a competitor, Debi whined, "That one doesn't do it." Her mother answered cheerfully, "Well, that one's got blond hair, and you don't." In the usual skating course, the painstaking progression (procession?) ultimately has as much to do with stick-to-it-iveness, politics and reputation as it does with skill. She made her way.

Since the age of five, after Thomas was enchanted by the ice-show antics of Werner Groebli, the Swiss Mr. Frick of Frick & Frack, she has kept an expression of joy and a capacity for wonder, even through the past twelve years of six-hour-a-day practices. Her coach always has been and always will be "Mr. McGowan," but she says, "I've never been a puppet on a string." Her earliest impression: "You know what's the best thing about skating? You can walk without moving." As a tomboy, she gave momentary consideration to a career in ice hockey, and still wrinkles her nose and bats her eyelashes when she purrs, "Figure skating is such a bea-u-ty-

spoor." She is given to regular flights of whimsy ("Why do they throw flowers? Why not pizza?") that occasionally leave the galaxy. "What I'd really like to be is the first skater in space. Can you imagine what that would be like? Once you start spinning, you'd never stop."

Her first major stop was the nationals of 1986, where at 18 she succeeded Tiffany Chin as the U.S. ladies champion. Fourth in the 1984 Olympics at 16, Chin was the appointed darling of '88 until both her constitution and confidence began to crumble. She turned pro last November, some say to protect her muscles, others say to preserve her reputation.

A month after her nationals' victory, early in 1986, Thomas flew off to Geneva for a summit with the Brooke Shields of Sarajevo, the G.D.R.'s great Witt (pronounced Vitti). And, for the first time since the Olympics, Witt had to settle for second. Still only 18, Debi was world champion, and the single word she had used to sum herself up on Stanford's application forms suddenly seemed an understatement: "Invincible." Within a year, that would change. Tasting some of Chin's medicine, on two throbbing Achilles tendons, Thomas lost the '87 nationals to Jill Trenary. Then in the '87 worlds at Cincinnati, Witt took Thomas in their rematch. Even as her title evaporated, Debi was entranced by the sight of Witt atwirl. "The girl," she said, "is blazing."

Maybe Thomas was reacting to Witt when Debi finagled a consultation with the dancer Mikhail Baryshnikov. "I couldn't believe it," she says. "Standing right there. Baryshnikov. I was so in-

THE ASPIRIN YOU CAN LIVE WITH.

The New York

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 11, 1984

HEART ATTACK RISK FOUND TO BE CUT BY TAKING ASPIRIN

LIFESAIVING EFFECTS SEEN

Study Finds Benefit of Tablet Every Other Day Is Much Greater Than Expected

By HAROLD N. SCHNECK Jr.

A major nationwide study shows that a single aspirin tablet every other day can sharply reduce a man's risk of heart attack and death from heart disease.

The following effects were so dramatic that, after nearly five years, the study was halted in mid-December so that the results could be reported as soon as possible to the participants and to the medical profession in general. The magnitude of the beneficial effect was far greater than expected, Dr. Fred St. Amand of Harvard, principal investigator in the research, said in a telephone interview. The risk of a second heart attack, the reduction of which was the primary aim of the study, was cut almost in half.

'Extreme Beneficial Effect'

A special report said the results showed "a statistically extreme benefit" from the use of aspirin. The study, which is being published Thursday in the *New England Journal of Medicine*, is the first of a series of studies that have demonstrated that a person who has had one heart attack can reduce the risk of a second by taking aspirin, but that risk had been too small for the general population.

Dr. Claude Lenfant, the director of the National Heart Lung and Blood Institute, said the findings were "extremely important," but he said the general public should not take the results as an indication that everyone should take aspirin.

(Continued on page 12)

Critics On Issue of V

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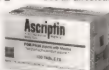
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STYLISH ALLURE

A self-described flirt, Witt charms judges with her performances and photographers with her poses. But she takes all her directions from Muller, her "third parent"

spired. The neat thing is, I think he was inspired too." He suggested a few points of emotional emphasis, an exaggerated movement here and there. "Could you do this?" he asked gently. Then he turned her over to a colleague, former American Ballet Theater Soloist George de la Peña. "I found her to be extraordinarily intelligent," says De la Peña, "and extraordinarily shy. A lot of people look at her as being an extrovert and a bit of a comic. But I think it's a shell that hides a very soft center. Her emotional capacity is quite deep. We worked on opening up."

It had been 54 years since a dethroned champion regained the U.S. title, but Thomas brought a revived confidence to the Denver nationals last month, a fresh sense of drama. "Baryshnikov let me see it," she says. "George made me feel it." With two triple jumps, slam-bang, at the start of her long program. Thomas left Trenary and Caryn Kadavy behind. They join her on the U.S. team. Describing the feeling, Thomas says, "You're so high, a tingle goes through your whole body. If you've done something, and you know it's right, it's like, 'Ahhh.' The people can see it in your face, and it reflects off them right back to you." She stands 5 ft. 6 in., weighs 116 lbs., and is acquainted with power, grace and stamina. While she is skating, she is talking to herself. "I'm going to eat this one alive... I conquered that jump... extra energy now... Oh God, here it comes."

Her third of five triples, the especially treacherous one, is something called a triple Salchow-double toe loop combination. Twice in a row now, including at the nationals, she has abbreviated it. "I don't know why I chicken out. A lot of times in practice, you'll take off completely crooked on a hard jump and still land it. If you trust your nerve as well as your skill, you're capable of a lot more than you imagine. I'm going to land that one in the Olympics... if it kills me."

With the nationals won, Thomas packed up her 1984 Toyota and drove from Denver to Boulder, where practice ice has been made available. She is supposed to be on a sabbatical from Stanford but could not resist several courses last semester at the University of Colorado. "I'm used to a suicidal load, calculus, chemistry and stuff—I whale on it. I took German here just for fun, and I've had a blast." Of course, her study of German is not entirely idle. "I want to speak a little of it to Katarina. She's all right, I like her. I can't exactly say we're friends, but we've been able to sign each other's programs. 'Good luck. May the best man win.'"

Underscoring her sixth straight European championship with seven perfect sixes, Witt is poised to go out on top at 22. East Germany's system of athletics may be the acclaimed model of scientific selection, but Witt ended up the sweetheart of Karl-Marx-Stadt for the purest reasons:

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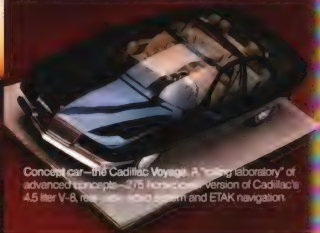
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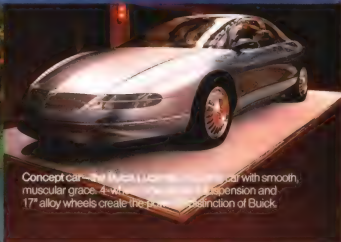
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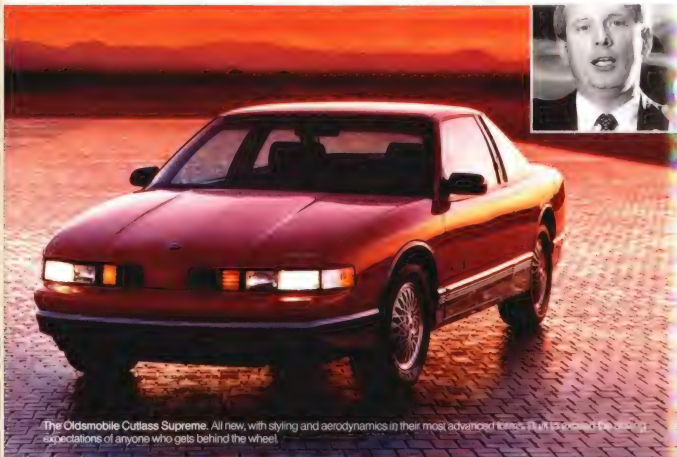
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The Chevrolet S10 pickup. Four Wheeler Magazine's "Four Wheeler of the Year." The Chevrolet S10 was built with the comfort and style of a passenger vehicle.



Concept car—the Chevrolet Venture. Its daring, all-glass upper structure automatically darkens, and a fun-to-drive 3.1L V-6 powertrain exudes the character of Chevrolet cars.

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"There would have to be a complete change in the old ways of building cars and trucks."



The all-new Sierra by GMC Truck. A full-size pickup with automotive styling and superior performance. A full-line of power windows, locks and convenience. All with GMC Truck's legendary rugged dependability.



The S-15 Jimmy. A powerful 4.3L engine, which will be available in the Jimmy early this spring, provides outstanding performance, towing capability and fuel economy.



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Teamwork. We're reshaping our entire organization, changing the way we work together. The lines between managers, engineers and assembly people are fading fast. We are taking more time to listen to our customers and to each other.

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The results are here today, as seen in the cars and trucks introduced to the automotive world at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York early this year. It was a progress report, featuring our new products with the quality our customers demand and the value they expect.

But there's more to come—and soon. An example: Saturn, a new General Motors car company dedicated to a "clean sheet" approach to designing, building and selling cars in America. The first Saturn car will be seen in 1990, but already the advantages of Saturn's unique approach to car-building are evident in the GM cars you see today.

The job is not yet finished—there's more to be done. But today, the people of GM can proudly say—the vision is paying off.



THE VISION IS PAYING OFF.

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her kindergarten happened to be next door to the skating hall, and her parents were softhearted. In Valley Girl German (Rhine Valley), she explains, "I bugged them until they finally gave in and registered me for skating classes. They never thought it would go so far."

So far that Witt's imposing coach, Jutta Müller, has dragged her husband Bringfried into Witt's service. He wrestles her bundles of fan mail that bulge with impassioned letters from both sides of the Berlin Wall, including the marriage proposals of "U.S. boys," from locations. Witt says, "you'd never think cared about figure skating." Considering her appearance, this is a possibility. "If she were an American," the U.S.'s Fleming once said, "her face would be everywhere. I mean, look at her."

Decidedly not an American, Witt is proud of her distinction as the "worker's hero" and thinks of herself as a "diplomat in warm-ups." Talking in Karl-Marx-Stadt with journalists, including TIME's James Graff, she says, "When I do well, coming from a socialist country like the G.D.R., other countries have grounds to respect us. It is the working people who provide the basis for me to pursue skating at all. In a way, by skating and appearing on television, I'm saying a little *danke schön* to the public." Her "you're welcome" comes in the form of a shimmering wardrobe, a pleasant apartment and a white Wartburg sedan, for which she did not have to wait twelve years. "When you do well, you simply have certain privileges," she says. "That's true everywhere."

Looking forward to an acting career, she has already started glancing back. "I've been skating for 16 years; it's been my whole life from morning to evening. I think for the first time it will be hard for me." A self-described flirt, one who professes to be "naturally lazy," Witt nonetheless will miss the metronome discipline of Müller. "When you do something special," Witt says, "you become someone special too." But, "Skating gets harder as you get older because you have a name to lose."

Describing the one she could lose it to as "hard to get along with," Witt might be referring to the juicy fact that both Thomas and she will be registering at Calgary under the same assumed name: Carmen. Independently, they selected music from Bizet's opera, and naturally neither would give a thought to changing. As an archetypal character, Carmen has been interpreted in a thousand ways, but this will be the first time one of them will survive.

Especially for the capitalists, the disparate value of gold and silver is undeniable. "It still shocks me, the warmth and affection," Hamill says twelve



END OF A 15-YEAR ROAD

From her license plate to all the times she decided not to quit, Thomas has been focused on her moment in Calgary

years after her triumph at Innsbruck. "It never goes away." She continues to make star turns on television. Meanwhile, Lake Placid Silver Medalist Linda Fratianne, Thomas' childhood favorite, has done seven years of ten-month tours for Walt Disney's Magic Kingdom on Ice. Since 1980, skating's three disciplines (school figures, short program, long program) have been reformulated. By today's measurements, Fratianne would have won the gold medal. "But sometimes I think my sanity is better off with the silver," she says. "My father used to send me a bouquet of flowers before every competition. The card always read, 'Win or lose, you're still my champ.'"

Financially, Thomas figures, "whatever happens, I'll do pretty well." She has already started making commercials and,

within the new amateur codes, has been stashing cash in a trust fund. "I want to make a lot of money. Someday I'd like to start a skating training center." To that end, she has discarded microbiology as a potential specialty in favor of orthopedic surgery. The Boston surgeon, Dr. Albright, admires both Thomas' skating ("She takes me out on the ice with her") and her thinking. "Debi's going to discover that there really are biochemical and physiological reasons for all these little things she's worked out on the ice. Oh, that's why!" she'll say. When the Olympics are over, I really think she'll need something bigger than she is, something as all-consuming as medicine.

As the Games approach, Thomas reflects, "This last amateur year has been like a long chapter finally closing. A new one will open up then. Back to Stanford, on to medical school. I never wanted to feel that if I didn't win the gold medal, I was nothing. I'm not worried anymore." Her mother says, "When I look back now, it isn't the money or the miles I think of, it's all the years she skated well. All the times she quit, all the times I quit. Luckily, we never quit together." The Olympic theme piped increasingly on TV ads is beginning to get to Debi. "Goose bumps," she says. "I'll go through the house saying, 'I can't do it. I can't do it.' Then I'll get there, and I'll love it. One moment of glory is worth everything." —By Tom Callahan

FOR THE FIRST TIME, A BLACK MEDAL



GADLEY AND DAVENPORT

Unless the unexpected happens, Debi Thomas will become the first black athlete to win a medal in the Winter Games. Records are not immaculately kept on the point, but apparently it was 1980 before U.S. Bobsledders Willie Davenport and Jeff Gadley, along with their Canadian counterpart Bob Wilson, broke the color line. Several more black athletes will compete in Calgary, including Canadian Hockey Player Claude Vilgrain. If part of the problem is lack of black involvement in winter sports, that is changing too. E. Rory Flack, 18, is the most prominent of a growing number of black athletes following Thomas' lead. At a Cleveland exhibition last year, Flack was one of some 70 skaters—all of them black. "I didn't know there were that many in the world," she says. "But there are a lot more. They just haven't made it yet."



When the best American and the best Canadian face off next week, a friendly, decade-long skating rivalry will finally be settled

The Soaring, Spinning Battle Of the Brians



"We are a lot alike."

—Brian Boitano

"We have a lot of similarities."

—Brian Orser

That's a lot of understatement. Brian Boitano and Brian Orser are linked circles in a perfect figure eight—they mirror each other. It is not just because they have the same name, the same lean look and the same longish hair-style. The two are both homebodies who enjoy the pampered slot of youngest in a long line of siblings. Each took up skating before his tenth birthday, and (unlike most skaters) still trains with his first and only coach. Both have captured a string of national figure-skating titles. Boitano in the U.S., Orser in Canada. Each has reigned as world champion; each is capable of serious bobbles. And awkward as it may be for the two friends, each is one of his country's best hopes for gold at Calgary.

Of course, there are differences. The American child started after seeing an ice show; the Canadian was first attracted to hockey. As they matured, so goes the rinkside chatter. Boitano became the "technical" Brian, long on consistency, short on artistry. Orser is the "theatrical" Brian, capable of delivering explosive performances when he isn't unhinged by nerves. But such nugget-size insights are misleading. Boitano can also stun the crowd with his flare, and Orser can draw gasps for his technical brilliance. So when the battle of the Brians is settled in the Olympic Saddledome on Feb. 20, barring cataclysm, injury or a Soviet upset, predicting the outcome is a matter of Yogi Berra-like simplicity: whichever Brian has the better night will carry home gold.

How did they get to Calgary? Prac-

tice, practice, practice. For Boitano, 24, that has meant, year in and year out, six days a week, five hours a day at some fairly shabby rinks in the San Francisco area. "The part I love is the day-to-day improvement," he says, "not the competition." Maybe that explains his reputation for perfectionism. Only rarely does he flub a figure or miss one of his eight triple jumps. Such determination helped him win the world championship in 1986. A year later though, that same grim correctness contributed to the loss of his ti-

tle to Orser. Not demonstrative enough, needs more panache, tut-tutted pundits.

Enter Choreographer Sandra Bezic of Toronto, and it was goodbye Tech Weenie, hello Elegance Whiz. Out went the bouncy pop-rock medley. In came sobering, dramatic theme music. Also, more practice, this time emphasizing artistry. The results were startling. Last month in

Denver as he collected his fourth consecutive national title, Boitano made history when eight of the nine judges awarded perfect 6.0s for composition

MATCHED CHAMPIONS

Either Boitano, top, or Orser could snatch the glittering prize. But the U.S. contender must prove his artistry, while Canada's must not be unhinged by an attack of nerves





RON GRANT/USST

and style on his two-minute program.

Boitano hands most of the credit to Coach Linda Leaver. When she spotted him at age eight in Sunnyvale, Calif., Leaver was initially struck by how "tiny and adorable" he was. She was most taken, however, by his rapid improvement. "I came home and told my husband that Brian would be a world champion," says Leaver. "It just took a little longer than I thought." After 16 years of working together, Leaver and Boitano hardly need to speak. They simply sense. "It's kind of like one person split in half," he says.

Last month Leaver announced that Boitano would not try the jump for which he is best known, the quadruple toe loop, at the Olympics. Never performed successfully in competition, the quad has become the slippery trail of skating. Boitano practices it daily and hits almost 100% of the time. But in competition, he has thrown it—and blown it—four times, most noticeably at the 1987 world championship. Leaver sees little point in risking another disaster when Boitano already has what is considered the most technically difficult program ever and can score 6.0s without the quad. Boitano finds the decision somewhat disappointing but admits that the stunt is "like packing bricks on your shoulders."

The Canadian Brian also has a quad in his arsenal, but he too plans not to deploy it in the Saddledome. "My program was set in September," says Orser, 26. "I can't have any doubt or question whether I'm going to do a triple or a quadruple in one spot." Orser's confidence will be the key to whether he triumphs or stumbles. Although he has had a lock on the Canadian title for eight years, he has often been an also-ran at the international level. After taking the sil-

ver medal at the 1984 Olympics, just behind America's Scott Hamilton and three places ahead of Boitano, Orser placed second in three successive world championships. Last year he took the title.

The breakthrough was as much psychological as competitive. After twice bungling his trademark triple Axel jump at the 1986 world competition, Orser set out to improve his state of mind. Sports Psychologist Peter Jensen has worked regularly with him on envisioning success, practicing success, achieving success. A gaggle of others also laid on expertise. In addition to his shrink, Orser has a nutritionist, a physical therapist, a choreographer and a figures coach (for the compulsories). Finally, and always, there is Coach Doug Leigh, who has been with Orser for 17 years.

The full-support approach has bolstered the athlete's confidence. The Boitano challenge? "If we both did a perfect program, I'd come out ahead," he says positively. Orser & Co. are leaving nothing to chance.

Workouts run to eight hours a day, six days a week. Recently, the entire Canadian figure-skating team rented Toronto's Maple Leaf Gardens and simulated Olympic conditions, including the actual announcer who will be in Calgary. "Now in my practice, I can visualize how I'm going to feel in the Saddledome," says Orser. "I can picture the audience, all of the sounds, everything."

Common wisdom among skaters holds that it is harder to defend as world champion than to come from behind. Adding to the pressure, Canada's Olympic dreams rest heavily on Penetanguishene's favorite son (that's in Ontario). But Orser seems to relish his position.

"I'm in the driver's seat going in," he says. "So all eyes and expectations will be on me. That's the way I want it to be." Other than Boitano, the only tough competition is likely to come from Alexander Fadeev, the Soviet skater who won the 1985 world title and has placed third ever since.

Despite competitive tensions, the two Brians are friends off the ice. Since first crossing blades at the 1978 junior world championship in France, they have developed a genuine warmth for each other, built on shared interests, common pressures and gentle mutual needling. When Orser turned 26 in December, Boitano sent a card that read, "You are just like a ripe, vintage wine. Old." Both men know not to push the friendship where it cannot go. "We never talk skating," says Boitano. "The program is taboo."

Maybe following Budapest, those barriers will come down. The Hungarian capital will be the host for the 1988 world championships—and a quad perhaps?—just four weeks after the Olympic Games. Then both Brians intend to retire from amateur skating. Is there life after 6.0s? Orser already co-owns a restaurant in a Toronto suburb and is planning a second this year. Boitano (surprise! surprise!) also wants to go into the food business. His dream is to open an Italian restaurant in San Francisco, some place where he can satisfy his constant craving for pasta. Both Brians will have ample offers to build professional-skating careers, an option that appeals more to Orser than to Boitano. But they have kicked around one other idea that may prove irresistible: a new ice show that features bright lights, colorful costumes—and two Brians.

—By JIN Smolowne
Reported by Greg Taylor/Toronto and Paul A. Wittman/San Francisco



They will not dominate, but U.S. athletes have improved in most of the sports where they failed to win Olympic medals in 1984

From Skaters to Lugers, America Picks Up the Pace



THE ICE IS RIGHT FOR BLAIR TO FLARE

Speed skating will hum at Calgary's new indoor oval, which has the best ice anywhere. "It should take a world record to win every event," says U.S. Coach Mike Crowe. The U.S., shut out at Sarajevo for the first time in 28 years, looks strong, thanks in part to a trust fund from Los Angeles Olympics profits that provides \$250,000 a year. In the sprint races, the oval's tight turns favor Americans, who train on short tracks. "I think I can get three medals," says Bonnie Blair, 23, of Champaign, Ill. A gold in the 500 meters (her onetime world-record distance), silver in the 1,000 and perhaps bronze in the 1,500. Nick Thometz, 24, of Wayzata, Minn., and Dan Jansen, 22, of West Allis, Wis., are both gold-minded in the men's 500; Thometz holds the 36.55-sec. world record, with Jansen's best only .3 sec. slower. Each could also medal in the 1,000.





SLEEK NEW SLED, STILL A DARK HORSE

The beer-belly boys who used to ride U.S. bobsleds are back on their barstools. After being tested in sprints, weight lifting and broad jumping, the two-man and four-man American crews are the fittest ever. This week the team may test two new sleds, developed by Airflow Sciences Corp. for \$800,000. The East Germans, Soviets and Swiss are favored, but Top U.S. Driver Brent Rushlaw, 36, of Saranac Lake, N.Y., sights the glint of bronze with the help of a "good draw, good equipment, good push times and good driving." A lot to ask. The team feels lucky, though. In 1986 it got an unsolicited \$740,000 after the chairman of an Indonesian export firm fell in love with the sport and adopted the Americans.

BAD NEWS COMBO IN NORDIC COMBINED

Not in his wildest dreams could Joe Holland have imagined the wild way he would wind up No. 1 on the U.S. Nordic Combined team. First Kerry Lynch, America's best hope ever for a medal, was disqualified for blood doping. The banned practice of taking an oxygen-boosting transfusion of blood before a race is widespread and undetectable, but when asked by officials, Lynch was honest enough to confess he had tried it once. So long, Olympics. Then next best Pat Ahern crashed and broke a hip. That left Holland, 23, from Norwich, Vt. He has no realistic medal hopes in the event, which puts together cross-country and ski-jump scores. "But whether I get a medal or not," says Holland, "I'm going to be happy."





TARGET: A FIRST BIATHLON MEDAL

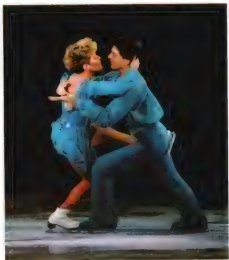
Josh Thompson seeks total concentration when he takes a bead. "He wants to control everything," says U.S. Coach Sigvart Bjontegaard. A new, lighter but stronger rifle stock (designed by U.S. Biathlete Glen Eberle) makes his cross-country skiing faster, but reclusive, compulsive determination is what makes Thompson, 25, of Gunnison, Colo., the U.S.'s first biathlon medal contender.



CREDIT—LUCY KEN

THEY WILL DANCE; JUST ASK THEM

It has not been very smooth gliding for Suzy Semanick and Scott Gregory. Though it usually takes many seasons to develop a sense of togetherness, they have had only three years. Gregory had been to the 1984 Olympics with Elisa Spitz; after a tenth-place finish, she retired. Semanick, 20, of Bridgeville, Pa., and Gregory, 28, of Skaneateles, N.Y., have been the top U.S. couple for the past year. In November in Frankfurt, however, Gregory bent over to adjust a bootlace and ruptured a disk in his back—"The worst I've ever seen," said Team Neurologist Howard Silby. Surgery will be needed, though not until after the Olympics. Pain is no longer a problem, but Gregory has lost strength in his left leg. They have been trying gingerly to reintroduce lifts in their free dance. Dr. Silby says it is a "miracle" that they are competing. Semanick and Gregory hope the miracle lasts long enough for a bronze.



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Switzerland's Pirmin Zurbriggen, the current World Cup leader, is a slashing, aggressive all-event skier in an age of specialists

Super-Z Zips and Zaps Them All

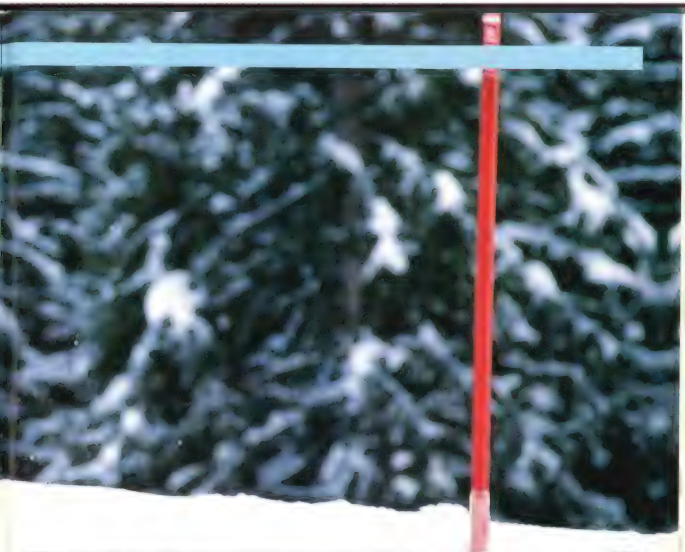
Let's say there is an office pool on that ultimate test of valor and gristle, the Olympic men's downhill ski race at Mount Allan, near Calgary. You throw in your dollar, reach into the hat, and pull out the name of Switzerland's Peter Müller, say, or Canada's Rob Boyd. Congratulations! These are hairy-eared mountain men, eaters of nails,

sleepers on plank floors, and you are looking fairly good to win a hatful of dollars. Müller, at 30 still the toughest downhill specialist since Austria's Franz Klammer, won the pre-Olympic downhill trial at Mount Allan last season. In downhill he was World Cup champion in '79 and '80, second at the Sarajevo Olympics four years ago and gold medalist at Crans-

Montana in Switzerland last year in the biennial world championships. Boyd, 21, is a young phenom on a tear, leading an inspired team that will be playing to the home folks. In mid-December he won the ferocious downhill at Val Gardena, Italy, for the second year in a row. Grrrr! Another helping of your 20-penny galvanized waiter, with a quart of jalapeño sauce.

Right. But don't count your money just yet. Big, cheerful Michael Mair of Italy, who won at Leukerbad last month, could get his bear-shaped 220 lbs. behind a thundering run. A slightly smaller Swiss bear, burly Daniel Mahrer, has won two downhills so far this season. No U.S. skier will place in the downhill without supernatural intervention, but any one of several Austrians could reverse that team's unaccountable recent blahs and win out of sheer embarrassment. And then, of course, there is Pirmin Zurbriggen, 25, the people's choice from Zurich to Zug, from Zell to Saas-Almagell, his tiny hometown in the Swiss canton of Valais.

Last year, for the second time, Zurbriggen won skiing's overall World Cup, the measure of season-long excellence in the Alpine disciplines (slalom, giant sla-



LED MARK

lom; super-G, for super giant slalom; and downhill). He dominated the world championship at Crans-Montana with two gold medals and two silvers. He leads the current World Cup, and this Olympic year could establish him as the best all-event male Alpine skier since Jean-Claude Killy. Not the best male Alpine skier without qualification, over this period; that would be Sweden's astonishing Ingemar Stenmark, still campaigning at 31, a self-invented slalom and giant slalom wizard who has won more World Cup races (85) than any other man. But Stenmark does not like downhills, and he won't run these down-in-flames plunges. He won golds in slalom and giant slalom at the Lake Placid Olympics in 1980, then was banned from Sarajevo because he did not meet the tortured Olympic definition of eligibility. He'll be on hand at Calgary, still rich from fees and endorsements but once more eligible. Stenmark is the archetype of an age of skiing specialists, and Zurbriggen is the best of the handful of world-class racers versatile enough to beat the specialists in any event.

The slalom is an acrobat's race of quick, subtle turns (less subtle, however,

since the introduction five years ago of spring-loaded plastic gate poles that allow aggressive skiers to charge gates directly and club them aside with armored forearms). Zurbriggen is competitive in the discipline but has not won a World Cup slalom since 1986. His real strength is in the faster, wilder races. Last season he took five World Cup downhills. The race is a mad descent of at least 800 meters, with few control gates, at speeds that can reach 80 or 85 m.p.h. The giant slalom, or GS, bridges downhill and slalom extremes in a beautiful, treacherous dance of large-radius turns. The super-G has not quite taken on its own character: it is either a slow, curvy downhill or a fast, stretched-out GS. Zurbriggen, going through high-speed gates in GS or super-G, is unmistakable: a big, rangy cat springing from turn to turn, from coiled crouch to full-body extension, from one outside, carving ski to the other. He looks fast and is. Last season he won four World Cup races in the GS, as well as one in the super-G, and earned gold medals at Crans-Montana in each discipline. This season, pacing himself to peak at Calgary, he has taken two firsts and three seconds in

downhill, plus seconds in GS and super-G.

It is only in the matter of cherished stereotype that this serious-minded innkeeper's son comes up lacking. In public fancy, ski racers, and especially downhillers, are barbarians, berserkers, wearers of iron hats with cow horns sticking out of them. Pirmin, from a minor resort town near Saas-Fee (which is a minor resort near Zermatt), is the sort of nice young man your mother wants your sister to meet. He does not look as if he eats nails. He has curly, reddish-blond hair, an elf's pointy nose and a shy, boyish grin, behind which is real shyness, behind which is...

Estimates vary. Start with what is easy: he is tall and athletic looking, but not especially rugged. His body has the long-muscled grace you see in the male half of a figure-skating pair. On to the hard part: he is quiet, sensible, mannerly, respectful to his parents and, as the Boy Scouts say, "brave, clean and reverent." Clearly there is an image problem here. It does not help, in the iron hat and cow horns department, that Zurbriggen is an exceptionally pious Roman Catholic.



MARC GIRARDELLI

Luxembourg's one-man ski team is one of Zurbriggen's few all-event rivals

who confounds the European sporting press by praying at least twice a day. He is a loner, a man who, in a perfectly pleasant way, keeps his distance. World-class ski racers are traveling performers who migrate together from resort to resort for something like eleven months a year, and who eat, share cable cars, log lobby time and wait out bad weather with the same few dozen people. In such a one-ring circus, Zurbriggen has had only one close friend, the Swiss GS star Max Julen, who retired last year. Asked if he is friendly with any of the other skiers, he mentions the West German ace Markus Wasmeier, like himself a generalist who is a threat in any event. Wasmeier, a likable fellow with lank blond hair and a lean, fined-down body, is obviously startled to hear this; he thinks Zurbriggen is a magnificent skier, he says, and a fine sportsman. But it is clear that he doesn't know him very well. "He lives to himself," says Wasmeier.

Zurbriggen's cool psyche has a large, invisible eggshell around it. Everything he needs is inside. His ties are very strong to his parents and the small 30-bed sport hotel, called the Lärchenhof, that his father Alois built and now runs. A ski racer himself, Alois quit when a younger brother died after a ski fall, but it was he who first encouraged Pirmin to race. Pirmin's girlfriend Moni Julen, a pretty, dark-haired ski instructor from Zermatt, is a cousin of his friend Max and is accepted as part of this tight, protective mountain clan, which includes Heidi, 20, his younger sister and a downhiller on the national team. As a teenager, Pirmin spent a year cooking in the hotel kitchen, and now, during a short Christmas break, Mama Ida joshes contentedly that bookings are full, so it is good that Pirmin is there to give them a

hand. The ski hero, whose income approaches \$1 million a year, does, in fact, take a turn behind the bar in a lounge filled with ski trophies, though more photos are taken than drinks poured. Gravelly, he tells TIME's Robert Kroon that yes, after his racing days, "I will take over the hotel here. That has been decided long ago. This is where I grew up, and this is where I will stay."

He is above all else "a man of his village," notes Karl Frehsner, head coach of the Swiss men's team. And the village ompah band, for which Zurbriggen once

played trumpet, quite rightly keeps him on its list of musicians. "That's what I really enjoy," he says. "Any music, except this modern rock stuff because there's no melody to it." He has a quick, shrewd intelligence—"the mind of a businessman," states Frehsner approvingly—and he is not at all fearful of the world. But he is rooted so solidly in Saas-Almagell that he is not thrown off-balance by adulation and press clamor or an occasional run of poor results. This unbudgeable nature is the grounding, as the coach sees it, for Zurbriggen's most valuable quality, an eerie ability to concentrate at a level that shuts out everything except snow and gates and the fall of the mountain. He seems unaware of his competition until it is time to accept congratulations or grin and say, in a way that always seems genuine, that it really isn't so bad to be beaten by Müller or by the one-man Luxembourg team, Marc Girardelli.

But the habit of concentration is not a ski technique; it is a rock of Zurbriggen's character. In a hotel lobby or a team bus, when his eyes pass coolly over skiers with whom he has raced for ten years, it can be taken for the self-absorption of an egotist. So can remarks like his joking explanation to U.S. Ski Broadcaster Greg Lewis that "the name Pirmin means 'success.'" This sort of clunker is probably nothing more than the slight awkwardness of a 25-year-old athlete who is pursued by middle-aged foreigners all intent on asking why he drives a Mercedes instead of a Porsche, and whether Killy was an early hero. (Answers: "Mercedes is an excellent car, and they give me one free." And no, Pirmin, as he was called to his dismay, was only five when Killy retired; his heroes were the Italian Gustavo Thöni, the



ALBERTO TOMBA

Italy's big, burly fireball has roared to the fore this year in his specialty, the slalom



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flashy Swiss star Bernhard Russi and Stenmark.)

Zurbriggen's personality—"if any," one frustrated journalist mutters unjustly—does not always sit well with his teammates, and Müller, normally an easygoing fellow, has grumbled that the all-event marvel gets too much attention. Now he merely grunts when asked about Zurbriggen. Coach Frehsner, in turn, grunts when asked about relations between the two racers. "Müller," he says, making the name a complete sentence. But he is smiling, and why not? A grouchy Müller may ski faster Zurbriggen, of course, will be unaffected.

There is much talk among racers that downhill courses have become too easy, with lumps smoothed by bulldozers and snow sprayed on flawlessly by machines. Thus you don't really have to ski anymore, this line of argument goes, and anyone with a magical pair of skis has a huge advantage. It is true that ski manufacture is as much black art as high tech, and no factory seems able to produce two pairs of skis that are identical. It is also true that the stars to whom the ski firms pay huge sums, over the table and under, get the best skis and the cleverest ski preparers.

Yes. But no. You still have to ski. Here we are at Val Gardena, on the last day of downhill practice. Our perch is a snowbank in chilly shadow, with a view of the Camel Bumps. These are three rolling hillocks that will loosen your fillings. A racer sights the first at about 70 m.p.h., then improvises. The wrong way is to hit the top of each, arms and legs splayed, losing speed from wind drag, perhaps crashing. The bold way is to jump before the first, absorbing it without catching air, then—no time to correct—launch a mighty jump from the uphill side of the second bump a full 130 ft. to the backside of the third. Several skiers among the world's best try this and simply cannot spring far enough. They hit the top of the third bump and splatter. Here comes Canada's Boyd: he heaves off bump two, going so fast that his body makes the air hum, rising two feet higher than the rest, landing perfectly. Then Zurbriggen: his jump is low, but his tuck is exact. He just makes the downslope of bump three. But he was in the air for less time than Boyd: through this stretch he was faster.

Now—what's this—comes a trickster who does not jump at all; he slithers around the bumps to the far side. If this were not Girardelli, onlookers would laugh. But in yesterday's practice, following his own eccentric line, Girardelli was first. He is burly, midsize, quick of mind and movement, impassive. He has always gone his own way; when he was a teen-



ZURBRIGGEN AT HOME

At the Lärchenhof with his family, the local hero resets roots in Saas-Almagell, where one day he will resettle his life

ager, and an Austrian, he and his father decided that the Austrian ski hierarchy was slighting him. He became a Luxembourg. With his father as his coach, setting up his own slalom poles because he had no team support, he went on to win the World Cup in 1985 and '86. Zurbriggen was second. Last year, with a shoulder dislocated in the year's first race, he was second, Zurbriggen first. And Wasmeier third, as he had been the year before. These three, really, are the only world-class all-event men on the tour. Usually an all-eventer wins the overall World Cup with solid points in each discipline. This season, though, a 21-year-old Italian fireball named Alberto Tomba has emerged in a blare of angelic trumpets to win four slalom and three GS races. For

most of the season, he led in Cup points on the strength of his specialties.

And the Olympics? One of the all-event skiers should win the combined, which counts the results of a shortened downhill and a separate slalom. On form, specialists should win the rest. Never mind form. At Crans-Montana last year, specialists should have dominated. But Zurbriggen won two golds and two silvers, and Girardelli, hurt, won two silvers, and a gold in the combined.

At Calgary the combined and the super-G have been added for the first time to the downhill, slalom and GS. Will Zurbriggen sweep five golds? No. That is so much more unlikely than when Killy, in '68, or Toni Sailer, in '56, swept all three events that it does not bear talking about. Tomba,

a big, laughing fellow whose name is a drumbeat as his countrymen cheer him on, should take the slalom.

Pirmin, after his two World Cup downhill wins, looks good in the downhill, with Teammate Müller or Canada's Boyd as second choice. That leaves the GS, super-G and combined. Give Pirmin one gold and a silver and Girardelli, if he recovers from a bruising fall in late January, at least one medal. Give them all fat endorsements, glossy cars and TV contracts. Give the Lärchenhof a try in 30 years: the tall fellow with the leather knickers, the pipe and the pointy nose, they say, still skis fairly well.

—By John Skow/Val Gardena

UP FROM SLAVERY ON THE SLOPES



SCHRANZ AFTER THE 1972 OLYMPICS

Austrian Karl Schranz, the last great all-around skier before Zurbriggen, never won Olympic gold. Schranz was booted from the 1972 Games for the way he permitted "use of his name and pictures in commercial advertisements." He made a reported \$30,000 that year. Others had similar contracts, but Olympics Chieftain Avery (known sardonically as "Slavery") Brundage wanted to use him as an example to fight growing commercialism in skiing. It didn't work. Skiers today are the most heavily sponsored of all Winter Olympians. Zurbriggen, a sporting-goods store on skis, wears seven of his products in action, from goggles to boots. His estimated 1987 take, approaching \$1 million, was paid through a perfectly legal Swiss team trust fund. If Brundage weren't dead, this would kill him.



POWER ON ICE

East Germany's long-limbed Karin Kania zooms at a World Cup speed-skating competition last November



RIVALS ON SKIS

Swiss Aces Maria Walliser, left, and Michela Figini in a rare moment of togetherness at a giant-slam race in France



An East German speed skater, female skiers from Switzerland, a ski-jumping Finn, pairs skaters from the Soviet Union and Sweden's cross-country iron men—these are among the outstanding Europeans who figure to do well at Calgary

The Foreign Favorites

Americans who watch international sporting events only to see Americans win miss most of what is best in the Winter Olympics. At Sarajevo in 1984, the Soviets collectively came in first, the East Germans second. U.S. Olympians were fifth, taking just eight of the 117 medals awarded. That total was bettered by athletes from Finland and Norway and equaled by the Swedes. Even the quark-size principality of Liechtenstein claimed two bronzes. The long white winters of Europe, from Lapland down to Alpine Italy, virtually invite the young and gifted to test their skills on

slopes and frozen ponds. In an athletic sense at least, geography contributes to democracy. That is why, if form holds true, stars from central and northern Europe should do exceptionally well at Calgary. Among some of the likely winners:

SWEETHEART ON SKATES

The lean, graceful East German on the practice rink was muffled against the cold: a pink cap was pulled down in her eyebrows and a white turtleneck sweater pulled up over her nose. An American skater had no problem identifying the woman to a visitor: "There she is—the

one with the lovely long legs." The "she" is Karin Kania, perhaps the finest and most admired woman speed skater of this or any other Olympic year.

At four, Dresden-born Kania started her athletic career as a figure skater, but sprouting growth (5 ft. 9 in.) and injuries from too many falls persuaded the 13-year-old to switch to speed skating—less glamorous, more rewarding of power than finesse. She won one gold medal at Lake Placid in 1980 and two more (plus two silvers) at Sarajevo. Now approaching her physical peak at 26, Kania says, "My aim is two gold medals in the Olympics." How



COURAGE IN MIDAIR
Finland's spectacular ski jumper Matti Nykanen soaring at last year's World Cup competitions in Oberstdorf, West Germany

about three? "Oh, no! Just two." And she waves off any bad luck that might come of talking about impossible feats. In fact, at Calgary she is favored in the 1,000- and 1,500-meter races; she holds the world record for both distances. And she is a contender in the 5,000-, 3,000- and 500-meter events, though she says the last "is now too short for me."

Kania seemingly has no off-season. "I train three or four hours every day in summer," she explains, "five or six hours other times. Sometimes I hate it." What spare hours she has spent with her second husband Rudolf Kania, a school sports instructor, and their son Sasha, born a year after Sarajevo. Shy and soft-spoken, Kania is one of the best-liked athletes on the winter circuit. Competitors will not be trailing in her wake much longer. Kania has already announced her retirement at the end of the season. Future plans? Another child, for sure, and eventually opening a beauty salon in her Dresden home.

A HOTSHOT AND A CHILLY VIRTUOSO

"I would rather see a foreign skier win," Maria Walliser has said, "than be second to anyone on the Swiss team." In the snug little world of winter sports, everyone knows who "anyone" refers to: her

teammate Michela Figini. Walliser, 24, was the World Cup overall champion in 1986 and 1987, and Figini, 21, was champion in 1985 and the world's top-rated downhill skier last year. They are the more than first-rate, and less than friendly, stars of a powerful female Swiss team.

At the 1987 world championships in Crans-Montana, Switzerland, women skiers from the host country won all five gold medals. The richly talented squad that just might bring off a similar Swiss sweep at Calgary includes Vreni Schneider, 23, Brigitte Oertli, 25, Corinne Schmidhauser, 23, Newcomer Chantal Bournissen, 20, and Zoe Haas, 26, who will get an extra boost because she was born in Calgary. But while any of them can win a given race, the real drama will unfold next week on the downhill slope.

There Figini plays the fiery, unpredictable sprite to Walliser's frosty virtuoso at her peak. An Italian-speaking native from the southern canton of Ticino, Figini is both a tough self-disciplinarian and something of a free spirit, who trains when she wants and skis as she pleases, with an elegant, easy grace. Walliser, from the German-speaking St. Gall canton, is a methodical worrier with a rough-edged technique that seems acquired

rather than instinctive. Their rivalry dates to the 1984 Olympics, where the unheralded Figini won the downhill, becoming the youngest skier ever to take a gold medal and relegating Walliser, the favorite, to second. Relations grew testier after Rossignol, the ski manufacturer, stopped sponsoring Walliser in favor of Figini.

Jean-Pierre Fournier, who coaches the Swiss women, seems untroubled by the Walliser-Figini face-off. "They are two rivals," he says, "two people who don't have great love for each other, as happens in any other business, like in any office." Besides, strong, competitive personalities are needed to reach the top. The Swiss, unquestionably, have reached the gold standard.

FLYING FINN

He has been called the John McEnroe of ski jumping. When he isn't leaping to world records, Finland's Matti Nykanen (pronounced *Nuke-an-en*) is usually fuming and sulking. And that's on his good days. On his bad days, he has spit at spectators, cursed reporters, been arrested for stealing beer and been booted from the national team twice.

But there appears to be a new Nykanen on his way to Calgary: cooperative with teammates, patient with interview-

ers, serious about training. Friends attribute the change to the birth last October of his son Sami. "Matti has grown up a lot in the past year," says his coach Matti Pulli. "I think he has finally figured out that there are a lot of important things in this world besides ski jumping." Nykänen, 24, began jumping at the age of nine in his native town of Jyväskylä. At 17, he totally outclassed the competition during his first international junior championship. Two years later he won the World Cup, a title he has held three of the past five seasons. During the 1984 Games, he took the gold at 90 meters and the silver at 70 meters.

A national hero notwithstanding his bouts of loutishness, Nykänen has incredible courage, and confidence bordering on arrogance. In both 70- and 90-meter events, he jumps at a dangerously exaggerated angle, twisting to one side and risking control for the sake of reducing wind resistance. If Nykänen has a weakness, it may be in his landings, which are more slam-bang than elegant. Last summer he twice underwent knee surgery, which usually ends a ski jumper's career. But despite missing three months of summer training, he won a competition in October at Hinterzarten, West Germany. And he has been magnificent ever since. Experts think the flying Finn has a chance to accomplish a first for the Games: soaring to gold at both distances.

THE BEAN POLE AND THE MITE

Ever since the Olympic triumphs of the legendary Protopopovs in the '60s, the Soviet Union has been almost as dominant in pairs skating as it is in chess. After taking the two top spots at the recent European Championships in Prague, Moscow's skating duos are poised to reign again at Calgary. But the winners, Ekaterina Gordeeva, 16, and Sergei Grinkov, 21, looked none too happy about the Prague triumph. With reason.

Although they collected 5.7s, 5.8s and 5.9s from the generous judges, their 4½-min. free-skating finale was sloppy and awkward—the result, apparently, of lack of practice. (Three weeks earlier, Gordeeva had suffered a concussion when she crashed while practicing one of their breath-defying tosses.) The year before at the European Championships, a trouser strap on Grinkov's boot snapped, and then their music stopped; finishing without accompaniment, they were disqualified after they refused to reskate the routine.

But it would probably take that much misfortune to deny Gordeeva and Grinkov at the Olympics. Their bravura athleticism, as well as adagio lyricism, makes them a pair apart, able, for example, to throw a trademark quadruple twist lift as no other couple can. Critics contend that Gordeeva and Grinkov sacrifice finesse for physicality. The charge, which they reject, is nonetheless easy to understand. At 5 ft. 11 in. and 150 lbs., the bean-poleish Grinkov towers over his waiflike 4-ft. 11-



A FLING ALOFT. THE FORCE IN SNOW

Grinkov hurls Gordeeva in one of their quadruple twist lifts; Svan pushes inexorably on

in., 79-lb. partner; the disparity in heights and weights allows them to manage spectacular lifts and throws that confound skaters who are more evenly matched in physique. Admits Grinkov: "Some elements can be performed much better by us because of this, and that's good."

Like most Soviet duos, Gordeeva and Grinkov became partners by official fiat rather than personal choice; they were ages ten and 14. Quiet and intense, they are heroes in the homeland, and are mobbed whenever they are in public. They profess to be nervous about Calgary, although they expect to win the gold. But Soviet pairs have reason to be nervous: there always seems to be fresh talent waiting in the wings for champions to falter.

THE BLAZING TRAILMEN

By comparison, running seems almost like a day at the beach. Cross-country skiing is the most grueling of winter sports, and Swedish men are its best practitioners. The Norwegians, Soviets, Finns and newly energized Italians are all threats, but the Swedes could sweep two of the three individual cross-country events and take the relay as well.

No fewer than six Swedish skiers have qualified for the Olympics: in World Cup standings, they hold the two top positions and five of the top ten. The team's most celebrated star is 6-ft. 2-in. Gunde Svan, 26, who medaled in all four cross-country events at Sarajevo. "Wonder" Gunde, as he is known in the Swedish press, occasionally leavens his workaholic ways with zany ideas. In 1985 he provoked frantic rules discussions among officials when he announced he would soon start using a single extra-long pole, gondola-style.

The team's legendary veteran is Thomas Wassberg, who ranks tenth internationally. Now 31, he has been on the squad since he won a European junior championship at 17, and Calgary may be his last hurrah. He will be missed, both for his sleepy off-course demeanor (hence his nickname "the Sack") and his sportsmanship: at the 1980 Olympics he offered to share the gold medal in the 15-km with a Finnish skier who finished a whisker-thin two-thousandths of a second behind him. Wassberg took much of 1986 off, then stormed back last year, and could win the 30-km race.

Sweden's best medal hopes, however, are probably Svan and Torgny Mogren, 24, his childhood buddy. Mogren had been in Svan's shadow, but came on to take the 1987 World Cup. Svan has long since recovered from a lingering virus that made last year a disappointment. This season the two friends have seen-sawed back and forth on top of the World Cup standings. Last month Mogren slipped once again into first place, but Svan maintains with Viking assurance: "I have never run faster than I do now." —By John Elson. Reported by Angela Leuker/Prague and Ellen Wallace/Davos

The verdict is in.

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“Excellent value for the money. The craftsmanship in the five-seat test model is impeccable.” *The Washington Post*

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With more live coverage and tiny cameras that can fit on a hockey puck, ABC is primed for the thrill of victory—and the agony of red ink

The Living Room Games, Up Close and Personal

Shortly before Thanksgiving the wagon train loaded up and started rolling. Twenty 60-ft. trailers spent nearly a week lumbering more than 2,800 miles, from the streets of Manhattan to a cavernous warehouse next to the Saddledome near downtown Calgary. Their cargo: 640 tons of gear, including a mobile studio and two fully equipped video control rooms, to be set up for ABC-TV's coverage of the Winter Olympics. A scant five days after the Games end, the whole traveling broadcast center will be torn down and shipped out to make way for an auto show. But over the next 2½ weeks, the center will hum with life as it brings American viewers what they have come to expect from the Olympics: a blockbuster TV show.

That show, ABC confidently believes, will be an improvement over the '84 Games in Sarajevo, which had ratings 23% lower than Lake Placid's four years before. In Yugoslavia, the six-hours-earlier time differential meant that U.S. view-

ers saw most of the action on tape—after the results were already known. Safely back in the Mountain standard zone, much of this year's competition will be broadcast live, with many of the glamorous events—including figure skating and hockey—in prime time. Even speed skating, traditionally held outdoors during the day, has been moved inside (and thus into the evening) for the first time. Another change that should boost TV appeal: the medal round of the hockey competition has been expanded from four teams to six, giving the U.S. squad (which was quickly knocked out in 1984) a better chance for a lengthy prime-time run. "If we get a win by the hockey team, a great downhill and a gold medal in speed skating," says Coordinating Producer Geoffrey Mason, "we'll be off to a great start."

ABC, broadcasting its tenth Olympics out of the past 13, has scheduled 94½ hours of coverage, up from 63 at Sarajevo, where the Games were three days shorter.

For the task, the network is assembling a De Mille army of 1,200 people, readying 62 cameras and 106 videotape machines and preparing 82 "Up Close and Personal" profiles. ABC News and Sports President Roone Arledge, who virtually invented Olympics coverage, will take his quadrennial turn in the Winter control room. Jim McKay, anchoring his tenth Olympics for ABC, will again head the on-air brigade, joined by such network stalwarts as Frank Gifford, Al Michaels and Keith Jackson. To give it all that down-home feeling, the studio will be gussied up with a real (well, gas fed) fieldstone fireplace, real wood posts and bookcases with real books—the whole thing a dazzling recreation of what Manhattan apartment dwellers think a Western lodge looks like.

Out of sight will be the largest control room (1,000 sq. ft., 100 TV monitors) ever put together in North America, and that facility is matched by a second fully manned control room on backup in case of failures. Virtually every phone line and broadcast system also has a backup duplicate. Though there are few new gawgaws, ABC is celebrating the Olympic debut of its tiny point-of-view camera, a 2-in., 2½-oz. black box that can be attached to the front of a bobbed, a skier's boot, even (via a special wheeled apparatus) a hockey puck. No P.O.V. camera will be used during actual competition, but ABC plans to strap one, for example, to the helmet of the "forerunner" who skis the course just before the start of the downhill races. "We're putting cameras where they have never been before," says Pierre De Lepinois, a consultant for special effects. "We are taking the viewer off the 50-yr.-line and putting him in the

A Viewer's Guide

SAT., FEB. 13*

2:30 p.m.-5 p.m. **Opening Ceremony**
8 p.m.-11 p.m. **Hockey: U.S. vs. Austria; U.S.S.R. vs. Norway**
Tip-top pageantry for all but the most committed parade hater. ▶ To skate into the medal round, the U.S. team must (and probably will) win its opening game.

SUN., FEB. 14

Noon-6 p.m. **Sliding: Men's Downhill Ski Jumping: 70 m**
7 p.m.-11 p.m. **Speed Skating: Men's 500 m**
Figure Skating: Pairs Short Program



For couch potatoes, a monster mash.

▶ Alpine skiing blasts off with the sheer fun and sheer craziness of the downhill. The mighty Swiss, led by Pirmin Zurbriggen, are the ones to watch for. ▶ Ski Jumper Matti Nykanen, Finland's bad boy, takes off for the first of two hoped-for golds. ▶ U.S. speed skaters came up empty-handed at Sarajevo, but at this distance Americans Nick Thometz and Dan Jansen are both good bets.

MON., FEB. 15

8 p.m.-11 p.m. **Hockey: U.S. vs. Czechs; U.S.S.R. vs. Austria**
A tough night for ultratriathletes. Very likely, the Americans will offer little resistance to the Czechs, while the Soviets dominate their opponents. ▶ On tape: the downhill run of the men's Alpine combined, a new event this year.

TUES., FEB. 16

8 p.m.-11 p.m. **Figure Skating: Pairs Free Program**



Lanky Sergei Grinkov should throw tiny Ekaterina Gordeeva around with so much zip that the gold is a snap. The U.S.'s Peter Oppegard and Jill Watson have to be at their best to take the bronze.

WED., FEB. 17

8 p.m.-11 p.m. **Hockey: U.S. vs. U.S.S.R.**



Another "miracle" for the Americans? It certainly would be, say the experts. ▶ On tape: Women's luge final. Bonny Warner could slide in among the powerhouse East Germans to become the first U.S. luge medalist.

THURS., FEB. 18

8 p.m.-11 p.m. **Speed Skating: Men's 1,000 m**
Figure Skating: Men's Short Program
Hockey: Canada vs. Finland
In the TV Games, it's Calgary vs. Cosby & Co., with ABC tossing a formidable array against NBC's stronghold lineup. ▶ A

speed-skating battle royal as the U.S.'s Thometz and Jansen sprint against a passel of contenders, including Canada's Gaetan Boucher, winner of the gold in 1984. ▶ The U.S.'s Brian Boitano and Canada's Brian Orser each skate electrifying, near perfect two-minute programs. Even Cliff Huxtable wouldn't miss tonight's head-to-head: 6.0s could be in the air. ▶ On tape: Swiss Downhillers Michela Figini and Maria Waliser (one-two at Sarajevo) renew their pell-mell, icy-cool rivalry.

FRI., FEB. 19

8 p.m.-11 p.m. **Hockey: U.S. vs. Norway**
If it has lost to the Soviets and Czechs, the U.S. must win this to stay alive.

SAT., FEB. 20

Noon-6 p.m. **Biatlon: 20 km**
Hockey: Finland vs. Sweden
Ski Jumping: 90 m
7 p.m.-11 p.m. **Speed Skating: Men's 1,500 m**
Figure Skating: Men's Free Program

*Times are EST. Weather may change outdoor scheduled events. Unless otherwise noted, events are broadcast live. Half an hour of recaps and features is set for 11:30 nightly except opening and closing days.



GEARING UP FOR A SHOW

Equipment is helicoptered in; Arledge, center, in the control room; a P.O.V. camera is mounted on a skier's boot

game." Microphones have also been carefully spaced along ski routes for a more even and realistic whoosh.

ABC could do without one of its firsts, however. Not since TV and the Olympics were introduced to each other has the network covering the Games lost money. Though ABC projects a healthy 21.5 average rating in prime time and commercial time is virtually sold out (up to \$300,000 for a 30-second spot), network executives admit that advertising income will not cover the costs. They are spending a reported \$100 million on the production, in addition to the whopping \$309 million

paid for the broadcast rights, more than three times the cost in 1984. The problem developed because the rights were auctioned off before the '84 Winter Games had taken place and before the network business soured. "With our original projections, we were bidding with the expectation of making a profit," says Arledge. "But then the economy changed, and the television advertising situation changed."

Still, executives claim that there will be no skimping on coverage. "We've got to maintain the image of ABC Sports here," says Dennis Lewin, senior vice president of production. "Plus there's our own pride at

stake." Other things are at stake as well. The Games come in the midst of the important February "sweeps" period and will give the No. 3 network a big, if temporary, ratings boost. The competition, however, will not be playing dead. NBC, for example, has scheduled its biggest mini-series of the season, eight hours of James Clavell's Hong Kong epic *Noble House*, smack in the middle of the Games. ABC may find Calgary more congenial than Sarajevo, but it still has to persuade viewers not to skip off prematurely to the Orient. —By Richard Zoglin

Reported by William Tynan/New York and Paul A. Wittman/Calgary



Another blockbuster day. ► Josh Thompson could tie the first U.S. medal winner in the ski-and-shoot sport of biathlon. ► Nyksten jumps for gold again, possibly achieving the unprecedented double. ► Weekend high: triple jumps galore from Boitano and Orser in the men's final.

SUN., FEB. 21
11 a.m.-6 p.m. **Two-Man Bobsled: Final Runs**
Skating: Men's Super Giant Slalom
Hockey: U.S.S.R. vs. Czech.
Freestyle Skiing: Aerials
7 p.m.-11 p.m. **Hockey: U.S. vs. West Germany**



The longest U.S. bobsled team looks for its first medal since 1956. ► The U.S.S.R.-Czech face-off could ultimately determine the gold. ► Freestyle skiers demonstrate their heels-over-head, heart-stopping acrobatics. ► If the U.S.

hockey team is still in contention, this could decide whether it makes the cut.

MON., FEB. 22
8 p.m.-11 p.m. **Speed Skating: Women's 500 m**
Ice Dancing: Original Set Pattern



U.S. Speed Skater Bonnie Blair has a good shot at gold in the first of her encounters with East Germany's powerful Karin Kania and Christa Rothenburger. ► On tape: Fignini and Walliser duke it out in the super giant slalom. ► The Canada-Sweden hockey victor will probably take home a medal.

TUES., FEB. 23
8 p.m.-11 p.m. **Ice Dancing: Free Program**



Though no Torvill and Dean, Soviet Dancers Natalia Bestemianova and Andrei Bukin should win in a walk.

WED., FEB. 24
8 p.m.-11 p.m. **Hockey: Medal Round**
Lotsa hockey, live and taped. Also on tape: women's giant slalom.

THURS., FEB. 25
8 p.m.-11 p.m. **Figure Skating: Women's Short Program**
The time is prime for Debi Thomas, America's current sweetheart, and Katarina Witt, East Germany's coquettish "workers' hero." ► On tape: Italy's Alberto ("the Bomba") Tomba will give Zubriggen a run for his money in the giant slalom.

FRI., FEB. 26
8 p.m.-11 p.m. **Speed Skating: Women's 1,000 m**
Hockey: Medal Round
Kania is considered unbeatable here. Blair may skate to a bronze.

SAT., FEB. 27
Noon-6 p.m. **Skating: Men's Slalom**
Hockey: Medal Round
7 p.m.-11 p.m. **Speed Skating:**

Women's 1,500 m
Figure Skating: Women's Free Program



Slalom Specialist Tomba should dominate today. Sentimental favorite: Sweden's Ingemar Stenmark, the aging (nearly 32) double gold winner at Lake Placid. ► The grand battle of the Carstens. Thomas and Witt both skate a final program to the same opera's music—the *foray* a *d'ore* each must win.

SUN., FEB. 28
Noon-6:45 p.m. **Four-Man Bobsled: Final Run**
Hockey: Medal Round
7 p.m.-11 p.m. **Figure Skating: Exhibition; Closing Ceremony**
Last chance for the U.S. bobsledders. ► Plus two last, presumably great hockey games. ► Then the figure skaters have some fun. ► And goodbye. —By William Tynan. Reported by Brian Cazeneuve/New York

Technology

Beaming at the Voters

Satellites and gadgetry give candidates a boost

In the final days before this week's Iowa caucuses, Massachusetts Democrat Michael Dukakis wanted to make a televised, in-depth appeal to the state's elderly voters. Since the message could not be targeted through the national networks, and there was no statewide network, the candidate simply assembled his own custom-made grid of stations. The Dukakis team bought time on local cable channels, rented a broadcast-size dish antenna and made arrangements to use a communications satellite orbiting 22,300 miles over the equator. The patchwork network enabled the candidate to conduct a live call-in show in which his image was beamed up to the satellite from a tiny studio in Des Moines, bounced back down to antennas at selected cable outlets, and distributed through coaxial TV cables to the homes of voters. As Dukakis talked about concerns ranging from health insurance to Social Security benefits, his show reached an estimated 1.5 million homes in Iowa and neighboring states. Total bill: \$15,000, a fraction of what it would cost to contact that many people by mail or telephone.

In the low-tech campaigns of the past, candidates boosted their visibility primarily by flying tarmac to tarmac, working the crowds, and lining up newspaper and TV coverage from the airport. But this is Campaign '88, in which the strength of a presidential candidate's political machine is closely tied to the sophistication of his technological tools. This year's race involves an oversize field of candidates who are scrambling to gain recognition across

a wide geographic swath in just a few weeks. That puts a premium on any technology that will increase a campaign's reach—even if it leaves less time for pressing flesh and kissing babies.

Electronic gadgetry is turning campaign operations into models of efficiency. The staff of Illinois Democrat Paul Simon, for example, distributes the candidate's daily schedules to reporters not by messenger but by facsimile machine, which can transmit a typewritten page over telephone lines in 30 seconds or less. The personal assistants of Tennessee Democrat Albert Gore and Missouri Democrat Richard Gephardt are never far from their laptop computers, which they plug into telephone jacks at least once a day to exchange missives with far-flung operatives or to read the latest word from their Washington offices. When a blizzard last month prevented Robert Dole from attending a town meeting in Alexandria, Minn., the Kansas Republican called the meeting hall from the telephone in his chartered jet and addressed the crowd by speakerphone.

Instant feedback can be provided by a new campaign device called the Electronic Audio Response meter, or EAR. A computer-age version of the old applause meter, the EAR was developed by market-research agencies to gauge the impact of a new product or strategy, but it can be applied just as well to political campaigns. Members of a prescreened focus group are issued hand-operated dials on which to register their approval or disapproval, on a scale of 1 to 7, of whatever they are

viewing on a TV screen. A computer combines the results and displays them instantaneously to the survey takers. EAR tests conducted during several Democratic debates last summer suggested that Arizona Democrat Bruce Babbitt was not coming across well on TV. Babbitt's staff reviewed the videotapes and ordered special coaching to sharpen the candidate's delivery.

Perhaps the most significant technological development of the '88 campaign is the widespread use of the portable TV-satellite link. In the past, the only way to bounce a signal off one of the dozens of satellite-borne transponders serving the U.S. was to send the signal up from a large ground station; most stations are situated in major cities. Today, thanks to the development of amplifiers that produce more powerful transmission signals, a video image can be beamed to the transponders via a small (90-in.) dish mounted on the rear of a minivan. Although these satellite vans have been widely used by TV-news crews since 1984, the vehicles only recently became prized parts of the presidential candidates' technological arsenal.

The Democrats were the first politicians to realize that local broadcast and cable stations have enormous appetites for fresh video programming, for both paid political broadcasts and free footage the stations can use to beef up their news reports. Several Democrats, by beaming political messages to the satellites and telling the stations when the programming will be available, have been able to dramatically expand their coverage in key primary states. Now candidates from both parties regularly arrange for speeches, interviews, press conferences and debates to be beamed to the birds. The strategic importance of these satellite feeds will increase sharply after the Feb. 16



Anatomy of an uplink: TV images of Dukakis answering questions in a call-in show...



... are fed to a mobile dish antenna and beamed to a satellite 22,300 miles away...



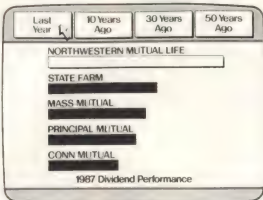
... and then back down to cable outlets serving 1.5 million homes in Iowa and nearby states

When the 8:05
isn't leaving until 8:55.

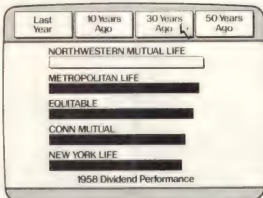
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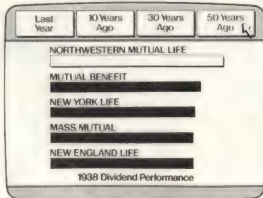
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New Hampshire primary. At that point, the contenders will have only three weeks to cover the 20 states that have primaries or caucuses scheduled on March 8—Super Tuesday, or, as some wags have dubbed it, Transponder Tuesday.

Meanwhile, the Republicans possess their own electronic weapon: a phalanx of high-power computers located in a gymnasium-size room at party headquarters in Washington. Among the treasures stashed in the G.O.P. machines is a collection of the Democratic candidates' long-forgotten gaffes, misstatements and contradictions, suitable for retrieval when the campaign heats up. The heart of the system, however, is the party's detailed voter-information list, which is used by Republican candidates to raise funds, identify potential supporters and get out the vote on Election Day. Carefully built up over the course of several congressional and presidential campaigns, the list now contains tens of millions of voter names, along with each one's age, address, telephone number, party enrollment, ethnic origin and income level. Not to be out-teched, the Democrats have launched their own computer initiative, an ambitious effort to identify some 16 million swing voters who might be persuaded to switch allegiance at the last minute.

Yet the growing reliance on high-tech tools gives many political observers a Big Brotherly chill. Some journalists are particularly troubled by the advent of satellite feeds arranged and financed by politicians. Local stations that rely too heavily on candidate-supplied material for their news broadcasts are likely to be manipulated by whichever campaign organization can afford the most programming. As one TV editor puts it, "You're letting them control the camera as well as pay for it." Another fear is that politicians will grow more insulated from the voters, though campaign managers still put a high priority on human contact. Says Leslie Dach, communications director for Dukakis: "We aren't going to run this campaign from a Winnebago with a big antenna."

Of course, too much dependence on gadgetry can be dangerous. Politicians remember well that although the Republicans' computer systems gave them a technological edge in the '86 congressional elections, the G.O.P. still lost control of the Senate. Among Democrats running this year, Gary Hart spends the least on high-tech gimmicks, but he continues to score well in the polls. For any candidate, space-age technology is no substitute for strong messages, dedicated followers or the kind of recognition that comes from being in the news month after month. A satellite feed can reach TV stations from coast to coast, but it cannot endow a small-time politician with the stature of a seasoned candidate.

—By Philip Elmer-DeWitt.

Reported by Michael Duffy/Washington and Michael Riley/Des Moines

Ethics

The Lesser of Two Evils

New York tries to curb AIDS by supplying addicts with needles

"As a public health official, I don't have the luxury to be a moralist." So said an unapologetic New York State health commissioner David Axelrod last week after approving a New York City plan to fight AIDS by providing drug addicts with sterile needles. The controversial program, which could begin as early as this spring, has sparked vehement protests from law-enforcement agents, clergymen and politicians. Says the Rev. Calvin Butts of the Abyssinian Baptist



Deadly habit: scene from a shooting gallery

The gateway to the heterosexual population.

Church in Harlem: "To distribute needles is to cooperate with evil. It is a step to legitimizing heroin use."

Few disagree that drug abuse is a deadly evil. But the growing AIDS juggernaut, New York health officials argue, is deadlier. As many as 60% of the city's 200,000 addicts now carry the AIDS virus; only 35,000 are in drug-treatment programs. One result: growing numbers of women of childbearing age in the city are infected—most of them through intravenous drug use or sexual contact with users. Says City Health Commissioner Stephen Joseph: "The IV drug user is the gateway to the heterosexual population." That threat to public health persuaded Axelrod to permit an exception to a state law forbidding distribution or possession of needles without a prescription. His decision legally paved the way for a pilot program for 400 addicts. The group will receive counseling in the ways that sex

and contaminated needles transmit the virus. Half of them will also receive clean needles and syringes, stamped N.Y. HEALTH DEPT., that must be exchanged after use for new ones.

Critics of the needle giveaway point out that it places city government legally at odds with itself. Says Sterling Johnson, New York City's special prosecutor for narcotics: "To give an addict a needle to shoot drugs is facilitating a crime." New York Archbishop John Cardinal O'Connor, a member of the presidential AIDS commission, blasts the proposal as an "act born in desperation that drags down the standards of all society." Moreover, he strongly questions "whether it will accomplish its purpose," inasmuch as the free needles will probably be shared.

The clash over the needle program boils down to the question of efficacy—and differing assumptions about hard-core drug abusers. "The junkie is not educable," declares Father Terence Attridge, director of the substance-abuse program for the Roman Catholic Archdiocese of New York. "You have to get addicts off needle use. It's the only way." Others dismiss such assertions. "Addicts do want treatment," contends Dr. Robert Newman, a founder of drug-treatment clinics and president of Manhattan's Beth Israel Medical Center. "It's wrong to think that as a group they don't care about their health." In fact, demand for IV drug-abuse treatment in New York increased after the news about AIDS hit the streets. "It is a classic case of a lesser evil," says the Rev. Roger Shinn, professor emeritus of social ethics at Manhattan's Union Theological Seminary. "The end, limiting the spread of AIDS, might justify the means, supplying needles to addicts."

So far, needle-exchange programs in the Netherlands, Scotland and Australia tend to encourage that view. Since 1984 an estimated 70% of the 15,000 drug addicts in the Netherlands have registered in treatment programs, which allow health authorities to maintain regular contact with them for AIDS testing and counseling. The underlying strategy of New York health officials is similar. Says Commissioner Axelrod: "Our needle-exchange program has nothing to do with needles and syringes. The needle gets the addict in so we can educate and counsel." Still, some wonder if the project will even begin to curb the AIDS epidemic among IV drug users. "In view of the AIDS risk," says Dr. Jan Walburg, director of Amsterdam's Jellinek Clinic for substance abuse, "New York is starting much, much too late."

—By Christine Gorman. Reported by Martha Smolgis/New York

Economy & Business

Way Too Hot to Hold

A Wall Street firm is rocked by the defection of its biggest stars

Like baseball teams and ballet troupes, Wall Street investment firms are built around stars. Well known and well paid, cosseted and coddled, the stars eventually become almost synonymous with the institutions that employ them. Nowhere was this more true than at the elite investment firm of First Boston, where the duo of Bruce Wasserstein and Joseph Perella created a mecca for merger-and-acquisition advice. Owing largely to their prestige, First Boston was the busiest takeover player on Wall Street last year, handling an estimated 174 deals. Serving as masterminds in some of the biggest corporate struggles of the decade, the two men have sparred with raiders ranging from T. Boone Pickens to Carl Icahn and have invented strategies like the "Pac-man" defense, in which a raided company turns around and gobbles up its attacker. Almost every corporate battle in which they have been involved has become the stuff of high drama, from Du Pont's \$7.4 billion takeover of Conoco in 1981 to Canadian Robert Campeau's

current \$5.5 billion bid to acquire Federated Department Stores.

But in one stroke last week, First Boston lost its takeover titans to two lures: greater freedom and, though each already makes about \$6 million a year, bigger rewards. Wasserstein, 40, and Perella, 46, along with high-ranking Colleagues Charles Ward, 35, and William Lambert, 41, abruptly quit First Boston to start a rival firm. Adding to their employer's misery, they immediately began recruiting First Boston co-workers and clients. Their departure, while certainly the most dramatic Wall Street split in years, is only one episode in a broader upheaval and personnel shuffle taking place on the Street. In the wake of October's crash, hefty trading losses and a slowdown in business have forced investment firms to cut back their payrolls and curb their appetites for expansion. At the same time, the First Boston episode highlights an increasingly common Wall Street struggle between the traders who buy and sell securities and the dealmakers who negotiate and finance takeovers.

Wasserstein and Perella say they left First Boston after a dispute about strategy. The two, who served as co-heads of First Boston's investment-banking operations, failed to persuade their bosses to increase the firm's financial commitment to mergers and acquisitions. The two dissidents believed the statistics were on their side, since the highly profitable investment-banking group produced \$850 million of the company's \$1.3 billion in revenues last year. The two men wanted First Boston to devote fewer resources to the firm's trading side, since revenues from those money-losing operations plunged 47% last year, to \$211.6 million, largely as a result of the drops in the stock and bond markets.

The rift between First Boston's top management and the two stars had been growing for months. Last July, Chief Executive Peter Buchanan, 53, launched a review of the firm's operations. While Wasserstein and Perella hoped that the study would spark a complete rethinking, the report called for "no fundamental change in strategic direction." Wasser-

"Of course, it's disruptive to lose talented people."

"I was flattered to be well paid, but I disagreed with the firm's management on fundamentals."

—Bruce Wasserstein



First Boston's Buchanan could not be budged



The renegades at their attorneys' office, from left: Lambert, Perella, Wasserstein and Ward

stein and Perella chafed against the firm's policies, even though the men were given increased power and responsibilities only three weeks ago. Says Perella: "It was like being put in charge of the dining and engine rooms of a ship, while the guys at the helm keep to the old course."

After Perella and Wasserstein finally decided to bail out last week, they met Monday night at the office of their law firm, Wachtell, Lipton, Rosen & Katz, where attorneys helped them draft a charter for their new company. The next morning the two went to First Boston and wrote their resignations. "This is a decision not reached easily," read Perella's handwritten note. Says Wasserstein: "I was flattered to be well paid, but I disagreed with the firm's management on fundamentals." The departing stars made an 11 a.m. appointment with Buchanan in his 43rd-floor Manhattan office, where they cordially delivered their bombshell. Afterward, they scurried across the street to their lawyers' office to begin working the telephone to recruit an initial 30 employees, many of them from First Boston. Meanwhile, Buchanan promptly named a new pair of rising stars to take over the investment-banking department, James Maher, 38, and Richard Bott, 40. Says Buchanan: "Of course, it's disruptive to lose talented people. But Maher is as solid as they come, though he has never felt the need for a lot of personal visibility."

Yet Maher and Bott will be hard-pressed to match their predecessors' style or accomplishments. In boardrooms from Pittsburgh to Palm Beach, the two men seemed an unlikely pair. Perella, a lanky 5 ft. 6 in., with an affable demeanor, towers over the rounder, more combative Wasserstein. But since the duo began building First Boston's mergers department in the mid-1970s, they have brought their firm into some of the most famous and infamous deals of the decade. In one case, the team was all too effective in helping Texaco beat rival Pennzoil in a battle to acquire Getty Oil. Pennzoil later won a breach-of-contract judgment that forced Texaco into bankruptcy and an eventual settlement of \$3 billion.

Despite their profit-making ability, Wasserstein and Perella were unable to resolve a basic tension between the competing demands of First Boston's investment-banking and trading departments. During the bull-market days of the early 1980s, trading departments grew in size and influence because of their steady profit stream. But since traders are now risking large amounts of capital in increasingly volatile markets, investment bankers argue that the money would be better spent to finance ventures that lately have produced more reliable income. Dealmakers like Wasserstein and Perella are especially eager to become merchant bankers, who use their own capital to help finance mergers. Merchant bankers can make either a so-called bridge loan to a company that is attempting a merger or a direct investment in a company that is being acquired.

The struggle between traders and

bankers suggests that many Wall Street firms are facing an identity crisis. In recent years many brokerage houses have tried to become global giants to provide a complete range of financial services. But the crash has made that goal far more difficult for most firms. A growing number of Wall Streeters now see a virtue in providing more customized services on a smaller scale. Says William Rifkin, a managing director of the giant Salomon investment firm: "This industry is becoming one of boutiques and behemoths."

Yet even their rivals expect that Wasserstein, Perella & Co. will prosper, despite the uncertain prognosis for Wall Street. Says Eric Gleacher, head of mergers and acquisitions for the investment-banking firm Morgan Stanley: "There are

less than a handful of people who operate at their level." Several of First Boston's most important clients, including Revlon, the Henley Group and Campeau Corp., have already announced that they will work with Wasserstein and Perella, though they have expressed no intention of breaking completely with First Boston.

The feud that divided First Boston from its celebrated sons might have been avoided but for Black Monday. In a bull market, when business is good for traders and dealmakers alike, most disputes can be resolved. But leaner times breed discontent. Wasserstein and Perella may be the most famous malcontents to leave a major Wall Street firm, but they will surely not be the last.

—By Barbara Rudolph.
Reported by Frederick Ungewer/New York

Who Will Rule the Futures?

Nearly everyone who has called for financial reforms in the aftermath of Black Monday has a common item to recommend: tighter controls on stock-index futures. These relatively new instruments, which enable buyers to place bets on the up-and-down movements of the stock market as a whole, have been accused of intensifying the market's mood swings. But a turf battle has erupted between two Government agencies over which one deserves the right to crack the whip. Should it be the Commodity Futures Trading Commission, which presides over futures trading in soybeans and pork bellies, or its sister agency, the Securities and Exchange Commission, which watches over the stock markets?

The problem is that a stock-index futures contract is neither commodity nor security. Rather, it is an unusual hybrid, born during the financial-invention boom of the 1980s, that involves taking a position on the future price of a group of stocks,

typically the Standard & Poor's 500. The CFTC first won jurisdiction over the instruments in a bitter tussle six years ago, but the SEC has been looking for a chance to gain control over the fast-growing market ever since. Last week the SEC made its move. In testimony before the Senate Banking Committee, SEC Chairman David Ruder asked Congress for broad new powers that would make his agency the ultimate regulator of stock-index futures and any new investment vehicles based on stocks. The securities and stock-index-futures markets, he argued, have become too intimately entangled to divide their supervision between two regulatory agencies. Said he: "We are the agency that knows about the securities market."



Ruder making his case

Ruder chose his moment well. A day earlier, the SEC released a 900-page investigation of October's crash that provided the most detailed account yet of how trading in stock-index futures turned what might have been just a bad day on Wall Street into a debacle of historic proportions. The SEC identified at least three critical moments on Black Monday when futures-related program trading accounted for more than 60% of the volume on the Big Board, as traders caught with plummeting futures contracts rushed to sell the underlying stocks. At the height of the crash, the SEC suggested, the tail was wagging the dog.

Ruder's proposal was opposed not only by the CFTC but by two of the SEC's five commissioners, who said that a power struggle between the agencies would only divert attention from the need to reform the markets before they tumbled again. In fact, two of the largest financial markets last week took pre-emptive steps to lessen their volatility. The Chicago Mercantile Exchange, which handles trading in stock-index futures, proposed new daily limits on how far the price of a futures contract should be permitted to swing, and called for greater coordination between the stock and futures markets. At the New York Stock Exchange, directors voted to restrict futures-based program trading on the Big Board whenever the Dow Jones industrial average rises or falls 50 points or more in a day. At this rate, the markets may put their houses in order even before the regulators do.

Hung Up: a \$25 Billion System

The federal phone snafu

In his job as chief network engineer for the General Services Administration, Sureshar Soni helps analyze costs for the vast federal telephone system used by 1.3 million Government workers. Because the GSA is preparing to replace that system for the first time since 1963, a deal worth up to a whopping \$25 billion for the companies that will build the new network, Soni was destined to play a significant role. Instead he is embroiled in a byzantine scandal that is paralyzing the giant phone project. According to investigators for the GSA and a Senate committee, Soni leaked secret bidding information in a mysterious pattern that may take probers months or years to untangle.

The phone mess is frustrating not only the Government but also the 14 corporations eager to snare a piece of the project, called FTS-2000, for Federal Telecommunications System. As the largest telecommunications contracting job in U.S. history, the proposed deal has attracted a *Who's Who* of bidders that includes AT&T, all seven local phone companies, MCI, GM/EDS, Boeing and Martin Marietta. The winning contractors will replace the old system with a showpiece network that will enable federal workers to transmit computer data, conduct video conferences at their desks, send facsimile images and even transfer funds. Says Fritz Ringling, a private telecommunications consultant: "Whoever builds this thing will win the bragging rights to the world's most advanced telephone system."

The trouble at the GSA apparently started last spring, when bidding began for a separate but somewhat related project, a \$55 million contract to build a dozen telephone-switching installations. According to one of Soni's co-workers, the engineer made photocopies at GSA headquarters of the confidential AT&T bid documents on the switching devices. Soni allegedly leaked the information to two or more of the regional telephone companies competing against AT&T for the jobs, thus enabling them to tailor their bids accordingly. He reportedly told an official of Southern Bell, a subsidiary of the regional BellSouth company, exactly how much the parent firm would have to bid in

order to win. (BellSouth denies adjusting its bids.)

In any case, Soni was not necessarily a champion of the underdog. On at least one occasion he shared information with AT&T as well, though AT&T claims the information was public and not particularly useful. When the GSA awarded the contracts last October, AT&T was assigned to build five of the switches, while the other seven were divided among four Baby Bells—Pacific Telesis, Bell Atlantic, U S West and BellSouth.

What was in it for Soni? GSA probers allege that he accepted free entertainment from bidders who eventually won. Officials of Southern Bell, for example, reportedly regaled him five times at restaurants in Atlanta and Washington. But investigators are not convinced that a few free meals explain Soni's behavior. Some believe that since Soni seemed to leak information on an equal-opportunity basis, he may have been trying, in a perverse fashion, to save the Federal Government money by manipulating all of the potential contractors.

Whatever the motive, the manipulation has backfired. The GSA must now determine whether to start the bidding over again on the \$55 million contract. The installation of FTS-2000 could be delayed a year or two while the investigations take place. The Government has estimated that it will lose \$100 million for every year that it must go on using its antiquated phone system. Says Ringling: "Government workers could end up using cans and string waiting for them to settle this." As for Soni, the enigmatic engineer faces potential criminal charges.

—By Janice Castro.

Reported by Jerome Cramer/Washington and Thomas McCarroll/New York



ILLUSTRATION BY JIMMY K. HILL

Hitting 'Em Where It Hertz

Is rental-car coverage a rip-off?

After his plane touched down at Denver's Stapleton airport last month, Skier Jeff Blumenfeld hurried to the Avis desk and signed up for a rental car at the daily fee of \$44. It seemed like an attractive price; for his four-day trip, the New York City executive figured he would pay around \$180. But Blumenfeld's final bill came to a more daunting \$253.30. Says he: "You go to a rental-car agency, and you don't know what it's going to cost you. They nickel and dime you to death."

Many travelers would agree. Increasingly high fees for coverage against damage, theft and other hazards can more than double the price of a car rental. A recent Hertz special, advertised at \$99 for seven days, would actually cost \$230.95 for full protection. Consumer advocates argue that many motorists do not need such coverage. "Car-rental companies try to intimidate customers into buying this

insurance," says Robert Hunter, president of the National Insurance Consumer Organization. "It's a rip-off."

The most controversial and expensive coverage is the collision damage waiver, which generally absolves renters of repair costs for accidental damage to the car. Until last year, customers were liable up to a ceiling of \$3,000, but rental agencies have now started holding customers responsible for the total value of the auto. Though an estimated 60% of insured motorists are already covered for this by the insurance on their personal autos, many are unaware of it. Moreover, some credit-card issuers have started providing coverage if the rental is charged on their card. Even so, many renters pay as much as \$11.95 a day for the C.D.W. Since insurance companies charge the equivalent of \$1.30 a day for comparable coverage, rental-car companies are overcharging U.S. consumers up to \$2 billion annually on C.D.W.s alone, according to David Cohen, a Massachusetts state legislator. Rental-agency executives claim otherwise. "Waivers do not make any profit for us," says Henry Caruso, president of Dollar Rent A Car.

While many state insurance regulators are eager to supervise car-rental firms, they have been unable to do so. Reason: courts have ruled that the rental-agency coverage for collision, injury and property losses is not a form of insurance in the traditional sense. But states are beginning to enact laws to restrict the industry's questionable sales practices. And last May, Minnesota passed a law that required all auto insurance sold in the state to cover the owner for rental-car use.

The renters who can really get taken for a ride are those with no insurance and no C.D.W., who are often overcharged for repairs. Last month Hertz, the No. 1 U.S. car-rental firm, disclosed that it had duped consumers and insurance companies to the tune of about \$13 million in inflated repair bills. While Hertz is paying the money back, two other rental agencies, Avis and Budget, acknowledge that they sometimes charge customers more for repairs than the companies actually pay. One good reason, the rental agencies contend, is that accidents cost them lost rental time. —By Barbara Rudolph. Reported by Jerome Cramer/Washington and Thomas McCarroll/New York

Business Notes



AEROSPACE Boeing's 660-passenger jumbo jet and the McDonnell Douglas prop-driven plane



PHOTOGRAPHY A popular camera fades out

LEGISLATION

Delaware Says, "Raider, Shoo!"

What Liberia and Panama are to the oil tanker, Delaware is to the U.S. corporation: a friendly, light-taxing home port. Some 180,000 corporations are based there, at least on paper, including 45% of those listed on the New York Stock Exchange and 56% of the *FORTUNE* 500. So when Governor Michael Castle signed new antitakeover legislation last week, the impact reached far beyond Delaware's borders. Among its provisions, the law requires that takeover artists who buy between 15% and 85% of a Delaware-registered company wait three years before selling off assets or merging the target firm with another one. The effect will be to tie up raiders' money and make financing tougher. Delaware felt compelled to adopt the legislation partly because 32 other states already offer similar protection.

Backers of the Delaware law, which passed with only one dissenting vote, say it will not prevent friendly mergers but will ward off hostile attacks whose only purpose is a quick profit. Raiders like T Boone Pickens contend that the law will merely make mediocre corporate managers more comfortable. Even so, not all corporations are pleased: Black & Decker and Canada's Campeau Corp., two

companies currently making multibillion-dollar takeover offers, have already begun to challenge the Delaware law in court.

AEROSPACE

Shaving Costs With a Blade

The worldwide market for airliners between now and the year 2001 is expected to be an astronomical \$280 billion. To snare a hefty share of it, aircraft builders Boeing and McDonnell Douglas are scrambling to roll out new jets that are bigger, quieter and more fuel efficient.

The most radical departure is the propeller-driven craft that McDonnell Douglas has demonstrated for customers for the first time. The plane's engine, built by General Electric, contains jet turbines that drive two counter-rotating sets of stubby propeller blades. The new engine, to be put in use by 1992, is as powerful as a conventional jet, but is quieter and saves as much as 40% on fuel consumption.

Boeing is introducing new versions of its most popular models, the 737 short-range craft and the 747 jumbo jet. The 747-400 will be the world's largest airliner, capable of carrying as many as 660 passengers. Boeing already has 118 orders for the jumbo at about \$175 million apiece.

THRIFTS

A Heaping Helping Hand

A problem of Texas-size proportions has prompted a rescue effort just as big. Last week the Federal Government disclosed a sweeping plan to shore up one of the weakest spots in the U.S. financial system: the increasingly insolvent Texas savings and loan industry. Hit first by the oil bust, then a real estate collapse, Texas thrifts lost an estimated \$5 billion last year. The salvage scheme proposed by the Federal Home Loan Bank Board will drastically reduce the number of independent Texas thrifts, from 281 to less than 180, by forcing weak institutions into mergers with stronger ones. Cost of the plan: more than \$7 billion over several years. At least \$1 billion is expected to come from private investors who want to buy a piece of the thrifts at bargain prices.

NEWSPAPERS

Let's Make a Deal, Maybe

Has Rupert Murdoch finally found someone to buy the New York *Post*, his money-gulping tabloid? Murdoch doesn't want to part with the 187-year-old *Post* but is under pressure to do so as early as next month, or be in violation of a federal law

barring ownership of both a newspaper and a TV station in the same city. Last week the media mogul was on the brink of selling the daily for about \$40 million to Manhattan Developer Peter Kalikow. The agreement leaves so many escape hatches, however, that the outcome is far from certain. Kalikow can walk away from the deal if the *Post*'s unions balk at the wage concessions he plans to demand. Murdoch has the right to back out if he overturns the cross-ownership ban in court or if he gets a better offer.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Kodak Slips Its Disc

Kodak's disc camera was built around a fool-proof concept: a film cartridge containing a disc of 15 tiny frames. But after selling 25 million disc cameras since 1982, Kodak said last week that it has suspended production. While the company has promised to keep making film for the cameras, photo experts believe Kodak is ditching the disc design for good. Sales of the cameras, while brisk at first, slumped to fewer than 2 million last year. The disc's fatal flaw is its minuscule negatives, which tend to produce grainy snapshots. That handicap has become even more glaring with the arrival of simple and inexpensive 35-mm cameras.

Sport

Beyond the Game, a Champion

A forgettable Super Bowl yields an unforgettable performance

As a contest, Super Bowl XXII ended by half time. As a lesson, it should last forever. The TV ratings in the late stages were the pallidest in years, but it is pleasing to imagine that this may have only partly been a product of the lopsided score, that a multitude of black children may have already raced outside to raise their arms to the sky. And not just blacks. And not just children.

Climaxing a regular season in which he started and won no games—none in two seasons, for that matter—Washington Quarterback Doug Williams passed for a Super Bowl record of 340 yds. and four touchdowns, as the Redskins massacred the favored Denver Broncos and their lionized leader John Elway, 42-10. By his swagger, the Broncos' young quarterback is known as "the Duke" (though John Wayne never portrayed General Custer). Blond, blue-eyed, Stanford-educated Elway could—in that lemon-squash phrase—do it all. He could hurt you in a lot of ways. He even used his multiple gifts to evade the lowly National Football League team that drafted him No. 1 (the Baltimore Colts) and arranged himself a more genial place in Denver. During the drumbeating for last week's championship game, Elway proclaimed five Super Bowl titles a personal goal.

Meanwhile, brown-haired, brown-eyed, Grambling-educated Williams dutifully reported to the worst expansion franchise in pro football history, the 2-26 Tampa Bay Buccaneers. When two years later he lifted the Bucs to within a game of a Super Bowl, but no nearer, his reward was a rotten watermelon gift-wrapped by a racist fan. For peace as much as money, he eventually jumped to another league. When it folded in 1986, only Washington held out a job. At 32, five years older than Elway, Williams had been standing behind Jay Schroeder for a year and a half when Schroeder faltered in November.

For a while afterward, Washington Coach Joe Gibbs waffled between the two, but by the conference championship game with Minnesota three weeks ago, he knew who his quarterback was. Actually, the players decided. Gibbs could see who moved them, in every way. When a hailstorm of Williams' incompleteness fell against Minnesota, Schroeder fidgeted on the sidelines, but the



Williams the role model: instinct, balance, thoughtfulness

coach never blinked. In San Diego, while Elway was envisioning his five titles, Williams was trying to answer the question "How long have you been a black quarterback?" (As far as he could recall, Williams seemed to turn black about the time he left Grambling.) "I'm quite sure the Redskins didn't hire me," he kept saying, "just to be the first black quarterback in the Super Bowl."

The disappointments in Williams' life have not been small. He lost his wife to a

brain tumor four years ago, ten days short of their first anniversary. Symbolic little barriers were blocking his way right up to game time. On Super Bowl eve he endured three hours of root-canal dental work.

And as the first quarter was closing in a 10-0 Denver rush, Williams' left leg crumpled; Schroeder entered for two plays. Although wobbling like a table, Williams was back for the first snap of the second quarter and for the remarkable 17 offensive plays that followed. All told, they produced five touchdowns.

Suddenly Williams was on the Wheaties box. His first flash commercial took place right on the sidelines ("Where are you going now, Doug?" "I'm going to Disney World"). Really, the initial stop was the White House, followed shortly by Washington's Howard University. He went there as a way of reaching back to Grambling, to Alcorn State, to South Carolina State, to Texas Southern. He said, "I am a product of all black universities and colleges."

Williams' coach at Grambling, Legendary Eddie Robinson, 68, was present in San Diego. He is the winningest college football coach in history, probably the best of all the black coaches the N.F.L. has never hired. Beginning with the great Green Bay Defensive End Willie Davis, "Coach Rob" has been supplying Super Bowl stars since Game I. But James Harris, a decade ago, and Williams were the first quarterbacks he constructed in such a way that no one could convert them to defensive backs. So painstaking were their preparations back in Louisiana, they had even practiced a few times with a microphone.

Now that Williams is permanently fixed in dreams to come, the practice will help. Being a role model requires more than just good instincts; it takes balance and thoughtfulness. Williams seems to have the goods. He understands the score, but bitterness is not his style. As a boy, his favorite baseball player was Dodger Pitcher Don Drysdale. "Why?" he repeated a question, ignoring the questioner's point. "Because he could really throw. [Drysdale is white.] I can remember going to see the Dodgers play for the first time and being so disappointed that Sandy Koufax was pitching. Why? He's left-handed."

Graceful throwers and speakers are already following Williams, among them Syracuse Quarterback Don McPherson, who told the *Los Angeles Times*, "He's not helping an issue, he's helping people. And the people he is helping are not black, but white." That was the best line of the Super Bowl. —By Tom Callahan



Really, the initial stop was the White House
"I am a product of all black universities."

People

"As Gregor Samsa awoke one morning from uneasy dreams, he found himself transformed in his bed into a gigantic insect," begins **Franz Kafka's** existential masterpiece *The Metamorphosis*. But while most actors would shrink at the thought of portraying a man-sized cockroach sans makeup, Director-Actor **Roman Polanski** (*Repulsion*, *Chinatown*) literally jumped at the chance. "It is painful playing this role," admits Polanski, 54, who stars in the current Paris stage production. The part requires split-second timing and the enormous physical endurance to clamber about the jungle gym-like set. "In the theater," he says, "there is only style." And in this case, plenty of acrobatic angst.



A night in Roach Motel: Polanski as the crawling incarnation of Gregor Samsa in Kafka's *The Metamorphosis*

A fresh flap involving the U.S. flag has pitted the American Legion against Representative **Pat Schroeder**. The Colorado Democrat posed for the February issue of *Ms.* magazine wearing a Stars and Stripes shawl to show, she says, that Democrats were "taking back the flag the right wing tried to steal." American Legion Spokesman John Min-



Schroeder's patriotic cover

nick attacked her dress code as "inexcusable," adding that it violates a federal law known as the "flag code." Schroeder denied any disrespect, pointing out that the legion's own magazine is full of ads using Old Glory to hawk belt buckles and plates. Replied an embarrassed Minnick: "There's a million and one things she should be worried about instead of turning her staff loose to look up our maga-

zine." Maybe it's time somebody started waving a white flag.

The voters went ahead and made his day by electing him mayor of Carmel, Calif., nearly two years ago, but last week **Clint Eastwood** announced that he would not be setting his sights on re-election. "I've really enjoyed this, but I have to take care of the personal stuff for a while," explained Eastwood, 57, who intends to spend more time with his teenage son and daughter. Looking back on his term, the granite-jaw actor is proudest of blowing away the town's parking problems and a once looming water shortage. Meanwhile, the celebrity beat goes on in Palm Springs, Calif., where **Sonny Bono**, 52, formerly of Sonny & Cher, is running for mayor. Complains Bono: "People say, 'He's ahead because of who he is.' Well, that's one way to stand on your record."

For seven years it was his job to plan for the unexpected, but former Secretary of Defense **Caspar Weinberger** was caught with his guard down by last week's out-of-the-blue award. It was nothing less than an Honorary Knight Grand Cross of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire, given for his "invaluable contribution to the defense coop-

eration of Britain and the U.S.," particularly during the Falklands war. Weinberger, who was both "astonished and delighted," becomes the 56th American to receive an honorary knighthood, joining such Yanks as former Secretary of State **Dean Rusk**, Actor **Douglas Fairbanks Jr.**, Industrialist **Henry Ford III** and Philanthropist **J. Paul Getty II**. Later this month **Queen Elizabeth** will confer the five-pointed star on Weinberger but not the title Sir. That, alas, is reserved for British subjects only.

Her refusal to give up her seat on a segregated bus in

Montgomery 33 years ago revved up the U.S. civil rights movement. But last week **Rosa Parks**, who now lives in Detroit, was smiling in the front seat of a brand new 1988 Buick Century. The car was a 75th birthday gift from the Michigan Leadership Conference and other well-wishers. Said Michigan Congressman **John Conyers**: "Rosa Parks links us with the past in such a beautiful way and lights up the world with her example and her continued commitment." Then the still spry Parks set out for another bash, in Washington, that marked the 33rd anniversary of the Montgomery bus boycott. —By Guy D. Garcia



Wheels of fortune: Parks taking a seat in her birthday Buick

Medicine



End of the line: a terminally ill patient, waiting to die in a Miami intensive care unit

The Doctor Decided on Death

A candid tale of mercy killing inflames the profession

The patient's name was Debbie, and she was dying of ovarian cancer. After two sleepless days, she was struggling to breathe, vomiting repeatedly from a drug meant to sedate her. The resident physician on call was roused from sleep and summoned to her bedside in the night. The doctor had never seen the emaciated, dark-haired figure before. "It was a gallow scene, a cruel mockery of her youth and unfulfilled potential," the doctor wrote later. "Her only words to me were, 'Let's get this over with.'" The resident took her exhausted plea literally and instructed a nurse to prepare an injection of morphine, "enough, I thought, to do the job." Then, as a woman visitor held Debbie's hand, "I injected the morphine intravenously and watched to see if my calculations on its effects would be correct." Within minutes the 20-year-old woman was dead.

The doctor's unflinching account, published anonymously in the Jan. 8 *Journal of the American Medical Association*, was the first such confession ever to appear in a U.S. medical journal. With stark candor and dramatic detail, it spotlighted one of U.S. medicine's most controversial issues: the extent to which American doctors commit mercy killings. The report has prompted a storm of protest and a flurry of letters to *J.A.M.A.*, most of which were from physicians who condemned the resident's behavior as both illegal and unethical. New York City

Mayor Edward Koch was so horrified by the *J.A.M.A.* account that he asked the Justice Department to investigate. Last week the Illinois state's attorney's office in Cook County, where *J.A.M.A.* is published, informally asked the magazine's editors for the author-physician's name, which so far they have refused to reveal.

Across the country, physicians upset by the story criticized the unnamed resident's action. "Euthanasia is practiced," says Washington Internist Jon Wiseman,

patients realize—or most doctors are willing to admit. *J.A.M.A.* Editor George Lundberg says his own staff split over whether or not to publish the piece. But two medical peer-review panels urged him to publish it. Lundberg, who believes the anonymous account is genuine (though *J.A.M.A.* has made no attempt to verify it), decided to go ahead. "My intent was to produce vigorous debate on a timely topic," he says. "We are technologically capable of prolonging dying at great cost with little apparent benefit."

Lundberg's own position reflects the A.M.A.'s posture on euthanasia: physicians may withhold life-sustaining treatment under certain circumstances, but should never intentionally cause death. Most physicians concur, though some acknowledge that the line is often hard to draw. Perhaps the harshest indictment of Debbie's treatment comes from doctors who maintain that morphine, used properly, could have kept her comfortable. Her regular physicians, not the hapless resident, believes Minneapolis Neurologist Ronald Cranford, are the "real criminals" for having failed to prescribe adequate medication for her pain. But if the dose required to bring relief also happened to hasten the end of her life, that is something a physician could live with. Pediatrician Kathleen Nolan, an ethicist at New York's Hastings Center, reports that several of her young patients, suffering terribly from cancer, died in this way. Says Nolan: "There is no dishonor."

The *J.A.M.A.* account of Debbie's death also underscores a fact of medical life: terminally ill cancer patients often suffer unnecessarily because doctors hold back narcotics for fear their patients will become addicted—even when they have only weeks or months to live. This casts doubt over the profession's reassurances that pain will be controlled. And the dread of unrelenting pain is one factor that may encourage patients and doctors alike to blur the line between letting death occur and causing it.

Some doctors are wary of outside intrusions into an area that has so long been their province. Says Lundberg: "There are many physicians, myself included, who believe that the place where life and death decisions should be made is at the bedside, between the patient, family, doctor and, if appropriate, a religious representative, and that there's no place for the courts in this decision." Even so, if Debbie's bleak saga yields any lesson, it is that some physicians may need more help and guidance in navigating the murky area between unending pain and death. —By Denise Grady, Reported by Lisa Kartus/Chicago and Raji Samghabadi/New York


JAMA
The Journal of the American Medical Association

and to say good-bye. Debbie looked at the syringe, then laid her head on the pillow with her eyes open, watching what was left of the world. I injected the morphine intravenously and watched to see if my calculations on its effects would be correct. Within seconds her breathing slowed.

Name Withheld by Request

"But usually it's done in a more passive kind of way, by withholding treatment—not by putting someone to sleep like a drug." Do doctors commonly make that kind of decision alone? "No one talks about that kind of stuff," he says. Manhattan Internist Eric Cassell, who prefers not to pass moral judgment on mercy killing, believes that if it does occur, it should be only because the "circumstances are impossible to change or bear—not merely because the patient is depressed."

Few dispute that the story raised troubling questions about a practice that may occur in hospitals more often than most



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C O R D O N N E G R O B R U T B Y F R E I X E N E T

Books



The retreat from Waterloo, as depicted in a 19th century painting: Were such decisive battles turning points or foregone conclusions?

Why All Empires Come to Dust

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE GREAT POWERS by Paul Kennedy
Random House; 677 pages; \$24.95

People have learned to live with the knowledge that they will die. But the evidence that entire nations, apparently invincible behemoths, may be similarly fated has proved the source of enormous curiosity and awe. The Old Testament exclamation "How are the mighty fallen!" was only one of the earliest recorded responses to the spinning wheel of fortune. Ever since, the rubble of old realms has teased and provoked imaginations. In the 18th century, a visit to Rome inspired Gibbon to write an enduring history of imperial decline. Romantic poets found the gloom and doom of antiquity irresistible. Envisioning an ancient toppled monument in a barren desert, Shelley conceived an epitaph that was both ironic and admiring: "My name is Ozymandias, king of kings: Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!" In a softer temper, Poe allowed the face of a beautiful woman to transport him back in time "To the glory that was Greece... And the grandeur that was Rome."

The spectacle of eclipsed civilizations leads not just to poetry and nostalgia but also to a practical consideration: Is it possible to beat the odds that the past has so clearly posted? One answer is suggested in a new volume that U.S. policymakers and pundits are lugging around in their briefcases, an immense academic history bristling with tables, maps and charts, plus 83 pages of closely printed footnotes and a bibliography that cites nearly 1,400 sources. The book is

The Rise and Fall of the Great Powers, by Yale Professor of History Paul Kennedy. Its message, particularly for the U.S. at the present moment, is not encouraging.

Kennedy's study is actually two books in one. The subtitle—"Economic Change and Military Conflict from 1500 to 2000"—accurately describes the bulk of the contents: a sweeping survey of the shifting balance of power over five centuries. The book could easily serve as an introductory history text for very bright undergraduates. But Kennedy is not content to end his story in the present. His final chapter, "To the 21st Century," ventures to predict which nations will prosper and decline in the near future. Astrologers do this sort of thing all the time; when a respected histori-

an tries his hand, people pay attention.

Kennedy's view of the past, and of the years to come, is governed by a central and, on the surface, astonishingly simple thesis: "The historical record suggests that there is a very clear connection in the long run between an individual Great Power's economic rise and fall and its growth and decline as an important military power (or world empire)." If all he were saying is that richer nations tend to win wars, then there would be very little reason for anyone to read further. But Kennedy's argument is more subtle than it at first appears. A nation's strength, both in its commerce and on the battlefield, must be measured against that of its rivals and enemies: "So far as the international system is concerned, wealth and power, or economic strength and military strength, are always relative... and since all societies are subject to the inexorable tendency to change, then the international balances can never be still."

Hence, Kennedy detects a pattern repeated over and over: "Wealth is usually needed to underpin military power, and military power is usually needed to acquire and protect wealth." While worrying about their foes, states playing in the world arena must constantly maintain a delicate internal equilibrium. Armies are required for security, but they cost money. Military superiority by itself is often deceiving, since it may be weakening a state's ability to compete economically and fund future conflicts.

Read this way, European history looks subtly different. Supposedly decisive battles such as the destruction of the Spanish armada in 1588 or Napoleon's defeat at Waterloo in 1815 seem instead to be foregone conclusions, the visible death throes



Historian Kennedy: The U.S., he says, is now declining

of nations that had previously mismanaged or squandered their resources. Kennedy does not subscribe to the "Great Man" theory of history. He acknowledges that his account of the Napoleonic wars tends "to downplay the more personal aspects of this story, such as Napoleon's own increasing lethargy and self-delusion." But the author insists that inspiring leaders or brilliant generals can at best cause momentary glitches in the relentless "dynamic of world power," which entails constant change both within and between nations. "Those are not developments," Kennedy warns, "which can be controlled by any one state, or individual."

The Rise and Fall of the Great Powers is sure to generate considerable discussion and debate among professional historians. Amateur speculators will probably concentrate on what the coming decades are supposed to hold. Americans, specifically, have noticed over the past few years that wide swatches of the rest of the world are turning from obedient clients into upstart competitors. Trade imbalance, budget deficits, falling currency, skyrocketing military expenses now conspire to trouble the American dream. There is a nagging fear that things are coming unglued, and Kennedy does little to allay it.

He argues that the combination of the U.S.'s declining rate of industrial growth and its extensive military commitments spells trouble: "Decision-makers in Washington must face the awkward and enduring fact that the sum total of the United States' global interests and obligations is nowadays far larger than the country's power to defend them all simultaneously." Even aside from this dilemma, American dominance is on the wane, not because the nation is growing poorer or weaker but because others are becoming richer and stronger. Kennedy expects both China and Japan to improve their shares of world power; if the European Community can submerge national disputes and agree on common goals, then it too will find its wealth and influence increasing. The Soviet Union possesses a vast military machine and a stagnant economy; uh-oh for the U.S.S.R.

America's comparative decline in the international pecking order will not imply a lapse of national drive or purpose: "It simply has not been given to any one society to remain permanently ahead of all the others." Furthermore, enlightened leadership should be able to detect changing realities and thus prevent a slide from turning into a crash: "The only serious threat to the real interests of the United States can come from a failure to adjust sensibly to the newer world order." Not everyone will welcome or accept Kennedy's bittersweet verdict that the U.S. may become healthier in the long run by accepting its diminishing status gracefully. But until it is convincingly refuted by other theorists or the years ahead, *The Rise and Fall of the Great Powers* stands as a fascinating response to ancient questions about the life-span of nations.

—By Paul Gray

Macho Days on the Cacao Frontier

SHOWDOWN by Jorge Amado; Bantam; 422 pages; \$18.95

At the beginning of this Brazilian pageant, a colonel surprises his rivals in a violent encounter known thereafter as *to-caia grande*, the big ambush. It is an overriding metaphor, not only for events in Jorge Amado's novel but also for those outside it. There the ambushes are bookstores, critics and the public. The firepower comes from an arsenal of hype.

Bantam, Amado's new publisher, seems uncomfortably aware that its author is not a brand name. His 21 previous novels (among them *Gabriela, Clove and Cinnamon* and *Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands*) have been translated into 46



Amado in New York: an ambush by hype

languages in 60 countries, but in North America he has never been able to break from the shadows of such Latin American celebrities as Gabriel García Márquez and Mario Vargas Llosa. Moreover, the portly *mestre* is 75 and unlikely to produce many more epics. The Amado boom has to be detonated now or not at all.

Accordingly, Bantam, which paid the unusually high price of \$250,000 for the English-language rights to *Showdown*, has engineered an elaborate promotional campaign. It commissioned the "big-book look": a dust jacket with an original painting, featuring the author's name in print nearly as big as the title. Last month Amado and his wife were flown to New York City for interviews, receptions, book signings. Now a national advertising campaign is under way, complete with a mailing of 8,000 postcards to bookstore owners. Inscribed on each one is an encomium from Vargas Llosa: "Not only is Jorge Amado one of the greatest writers alive, he's also one of the most entertaining."

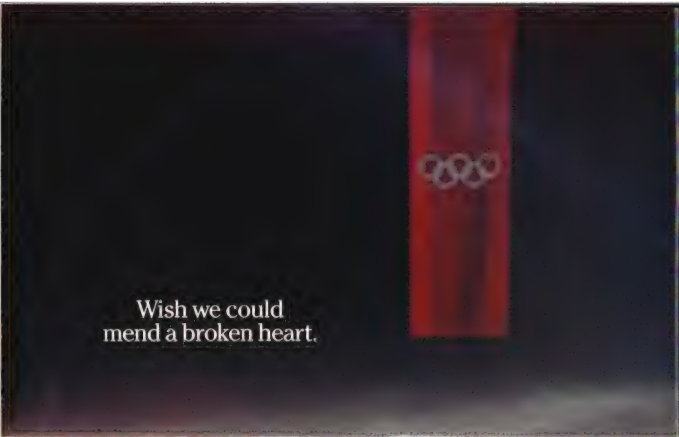
The merchandise Bantam is pushing is a romantic evocation of Brazil's cacao region circa 1900, when it was a lawless frontier powerfully reminiscent of the American West. The land surrounding the

settlement of Tocaia Grande, as it becomes known, is peopled with archetypes: gunslingers and half-breeds, fortune hunters and wanderers, gypsies and whores. They are placed under the authority of Captain Natário da Fonseca, a macho gunman with grand appetites for sex and violence. But then nearly everyone in the cast has a grand appetite for sex and violence. Surrounding Natário are men like Fadul Abdala, a gigantic Turk who talks to God in Arabic "since he wasn't sure that the Almighty knew Portuguese," and the black Castero, a former serf turned free spirit. Their loosely plotted exploits are augmented by a series of women identified principally by their breasts and buttocks. In the beginning, all is fornication, feasts and braggadocio. But the blessed time grows short, and soon the arena is visited by catastrophe. Flood and plague are followed by lurid murders; imperialism prevails, and the notion of honor is buried with the men who upheld it. In its ultimate tragedy, the city of Tocaia Grande is ambushed by history. "What happened afterward," says Amado with bitter irony, "progress, emancipation... the church, the bungalows, the villas, the vicar, the prosecutor, and the judge... isn't worth mentioning, holds no interest."


Throughout his picaresque, Amado displays an acute sense of place and a profound social conscience. These attributes have characterized his work since its beginnings in the early 30s, when the author, the son of a prosperous cacao plantation owner, broke from his family tradition and became a radical. But if his humane ideals are unchanged, so, alas, is his approach to fiction. Between the soft-core interludes and the bloody skirmishes, men grunt portentous lines ("Anything can be done this side of death") and women entice them with dialogue right out of a Dolores Del Rio movie: "If I lose my head, what will become of me later? Poor me, even in love I have to control myself."

The cacao people may be new to U.S. readers, but the language that describes them is not. *Showdown*'s translator, Gregory Rabassa, who is also the premier translator of Latin American literature, has remarked that to convey Amado's original intent he had to find as many as a dozen synonyms for sexual organs. He was unable to enliven the rest of the author's narrative. Fadul finds that a prostitute "cost him a pretty penny"; a woman, "body and heart well-hardened... had the ways of a child, full of laughter and fantasy." It may be that these bromides exert the hoped-for appeal; after all, Westerners are not famous for fresh rhetoric. But it seems fair for consumers to receive accuracy in advertising. The awe-struck promotion implies that *Showdown* is the work of a potential Nobel laureate. The book itself suggests Louis L'Amour with a Portuguese accent.

—By Stefan Kanfer



Wish we could
mend a broken heart.



They won't all come home from Calgary wearing gold medals. Although we'll win our share.

But, now and again, the delicate balance that

produces a champion is sure to tilt in the favor of somebody else.

When that happens, we can't do much about how people feel on the inside.

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doctors and hospitals that work with us to ensure that you receive the best care possible.

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for ten or twelve years just to work on being more graceful.

And the miseries most people have to deal with are limited to the flu or maybe

a bruise now and then.

But, Olympian or not, we hope that part of what gives you the confidence to do your best is the promise that we'll do ours.



Do you have Blue Cross?

Living

When Parents Just Say No

Changing tactics in the battle against teenage drinking

An "untold American success story." That was what President Reagan called the latest figures on teenage drug use in his State of the Union address last month. He proudly cited an annual survey by the University of Michigan's Institute of Social Research that showed a sharp drop in the number of teenagers who had used cocaine and other drugs in the past year. The President did not mention the untold American failure: despite tougher law enforcement, widespread publicity and sweeping educational campaigns, alcohol remains the drug of choice among today's high school students, and its popularity continues unabated.

The same Michigan survey revealed that 92% of high school seniors have tried booze at least once, two-thirds had taken a drink within a month of the study, and more than a third had got ripsnorting drunk within the previous two weeks. Only 26%, by comparison, believed daily drinking would threaten their health or safety—despite ample evidence that alcohol is implicated in the majority of teenage car crashes, as well as many suicides and murders. Many states have responded by raising the drinking age to 21. Meanwhile, a growing number of parents, faced with the reality that good kids most often die of bad judgment, are wondering: Why can't we keep our children from drinking? Many are beginning to conclude that the greatest obstacles are not the kids but the permissive attitudes of all too many other parents.

Some parents view the issue of teenage drinking as an exercise in damage control. They find sterner attitudes and tactics—imposing curfews and chaperones, smelling the breath, searching the room—impractical and unenlightened. Many recall their own experimentation with booze and resolve to teach their children how to drink responsibly. Since fake identification cards, drive-through liquor stores and unsupervised parties are facts of adolescent life, parents are determined to walk a precarious line between tolerance and restraint, to encourage moderation and keep the lines of communication open.

"A lot of parents are grateful if their kids aren't smoking pot or snorting cocaine," says Hanne Lille-Schulstad, a Lawrence, Kans., drug-abuse specialist. Others simply hope for the best: that drunken teens will have the sense to call home for a ride or allow a sober friend to take the car keys away before they get be-



Mixing messages: adults are torn between placating their children and protecting them

hind the wheel. Says one Hollywood Hills, Calif., mother of a 15-year-old son: "They don't want to be seen as punitive, so they walk the line of being understanding."

Still other parents take tolerance to dangerous, and illegal, extremes. "I know parents who think nothing of buying a keg and having a party with the kids in the backyard," says John Hagan, the principal of Bowie High School in Maryland. Many parents believe supervised drinking is a safe solution. "I let my son share a beer with me once in a while," says one Manhattan father. "I think it's working. I've heard him boast to friends that he drinks with Dad, does not need to lie and sneak around for the stuff."

That sort of measured approach, however, is wearing thin for an increasing number of parents who fear that their children's safety may be jeopardized by the lax attitudes of others. Among these new hard-liners, the notion of teaching "responsible drinking" is rejected outright. Few such parents believe they can ban booze from their children's lives single-handed. They are working through PTAs, churches and community groups to form a united front, lay down common rules and strictly enforce them. The most popular tactic in

some communities is "safe homes," designated homes where parents pledge there will be no unsupervised parties and no alcohol served to minors. Directories of families that have signed up are circulated so parents can be sure of which parties will be chaperoned.

By laying down the law, the hard-liners say, parents will give their sons and daughters the ammunition they need to fight peer pressure on their own. "Kids need help in saying no," says Lee Dogoloff of the Maryland-based American Council for Drug Education. "The single most helpful thing that parents can do is give their kids an excuse to say, 'I can't take a drink because there will be hell to pay.'" Even some adolescents agree that their parents would be wise to be less accommodating. Says a high school junior in Charlevoix, Mich.: "Tell us that drinking is bad, that it's wrong. Then if we do drink at parties we will be careful, we'll be moderate."

Even so, experts and educators who are anything but complacent about teen drinking fear that an assertion of naked parental authority invites outright rebellion. "I don't want to see a parent condoning drinking," says Principal Hagan. "But I would rather see enough communication between parent and child so that a kid can call up and say, 'Hey, I'm drunk. Come and get me. Dad.' There's a heck of a lot of peer pressure out there for kids to drink, and to get that kid to call home is one of the things we work on."

Both sides agree that the job of protecting teenagers would be far easier if no-booze attitudes were established early on, and if they were bolstered in the schools. But the primary responsibility will always lie with parents, and theirs will always be the greatest dilemma. All too often, it takes a tragedy to shatter complacency.

—By Nancy R. Gibbs.

Reported by Scott Brown/Los Angeles, with other bureaus



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SEOUL OLYMPIC ORGANIZING COMMITTEE

Religion

Cleaning Up Their Act

Harried evangelists vote to monitor their money and morality

For TV and radio evangelists, 1987 seemed like the Fall and the Flood combined. The PTL fiasco and other scandals produced unseemly bickering, a plague of embarrassing behavior, threats of government intervention and—most grievous of all—a disastrous drop in financial contributions. Clearly the preachers had to act to restore confidence or face perpetual chaos. Last week in Washington, the broadcasters did just that. Overcoming deep-seated traditions of independence and secrecy, they agreed to regulate themselves and monitor one another's business practices.

The occasion was the annual convention of National Religious Broadcasters, whose 1,350 members include most of the big organizations except those of Oral Roberts and Robert Schuller. Among the detailed new standards to be required of N.R.B. members: open and audited finances, records of pitches for money in case questions are raised, and governing boards controlled by outsiders rather than by family members and employees.

To exhort any slackers, N.R.B. leaders brought in Elder Statesman Billy Graham for some stem winding before the decision was made. "The foundations of religious broadcasting are being tested," declared the evangelist. "Our greatest need is moral integrity." But the broadcasters required little prodding. "All of them recognize they cannot permit another



Graham exhorting broadcasters on ethical standards
"Our greatest need is moral integrity!"

bombshell to explode at their feet," observed Jeffrey Hadden, a University of Virginia sociologist. One index of public discontent: a poll by the Williamsburg Charter Foundation last week showed that 40% of Americans think it should be illegal for preachers to raise money on TV.

The financial wreckage from last year is still being added up. At PTL, 1987 viewer revenues plummeted to \$41 million from the \$96 million of Jim and Tammy Bakker's hyperhustling final year. In one seven-month period, Christian Broadcasting Network revenues fell 32.5%, compared with the same time in 1986—a

drop that partly reflected the loss of its star, Pat Robertson, to presidential politics. Jerry Falwell's income for March through October was \$6 million less than projections. Jimmy Swaggart and Oral

Roberts refuse to disclose their 1987 results, but the latter's situation is obviously rocky. Broadcast ratings for all these top preachers have also dropped.

Still, the evangelists remain a force to be reckoned with, collectively taking in well over \$1 billion a year and attracting millions of faithful radio and TV listeners. During the year of discontent there was even some growth. The new N.R.B. directory shows increases in TV stations (from 221 to 259), radio stations (1,370 to 1,393) and groups producing programs (1,010 to 1,068). Mindful of these signs of continued strength, President and Mrs. Reagan visited the N.R.B. meeting. Robertson and fellow Candidates George Bush, Robert Dole and Jack Kemp also cleared their campaign schedules to appear, though none of the Democratic hopefuls did.

For the future, a lot hangs on what happens to PTL, which is seen as a symbol. David Clark, 47, the unflappable trustee named by a bankruptcy judge, has until May 2 to raise \$4 million, get his reorganization plan in place and fend off a lethal IRS threat to remove tax exemption. He is convinced that PTL's all-Gospel cable network can survive by emphasizing viewers' spiritual and practical interests instead of the manic schemes and personalities of the Bakkers. "Money follows ministry," Clark insists. "No religious TV ministry will survive if it is not meeting authentic needs." —By Richard N. Ostling/Washington

Milestones

REHABILITATED. Nikolai Bukharin, Bolshevik theorist and confidant of Lenin who was shot as an "enemy of the people" in 1938, as Stalin eliminated rivals in the Soviet hierarchy; by a special commission of the Politburo, which took note of rulings by the Soviet Supreme Court exonerating Bukharin and nine co-defendants in a 1938 show trial. The rehabilitation is another step in Mikhail Gorbachev's effort to restore what he has termed the "blank pages" of Soviet history.

DIED. Heather O'Rourke, 12, precocious star of the 1982 film *Polygraph* and its sequels; during emergency surgery to correct an intestinal obstruction; in San Diego.

DIED. James A. Linen, 75, publisher of *TIME* from 1945 to 1960 and president of Time Inc. from 1960 to 1969; in Greenwich, Conn. Linen joined the company as an office boy in 1934 and rose to advertising

manager of *LIFE* in six years. He presided over Time Inc.'s expansion into films and book publishing and retired in 1977.

DIED. G. Mennen Williams, 76, six-term Democratic Governor of Michigan, diplomat and chief justice of the Michigan Supreme Court; after a stroke, in Detroit. First elected Governor in 1948. Williams, an early supporter of civil rights laws, was named Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs in 1961 and later served as Ambassador to the Philippines. Elected to the Michigan Supreme Court in 1970, he sat as chief justice from 1983 until his retirement in 1986.

DIED. Emeric Pressburger, 85, creator of many of Britain's most original films; in Saxeate, England. In 1942 he began a 15-year partnership with Michael Powell, co-writing, directing and producing such clas-

sics as *The Life and Death of Colonel Blimp*, *A Canterbury Tale* and *Black Narcissus*. Their most famous effort, *The Red Shoes*, became the definitive movie on the romance and rigors of ballet.

DEATH REVEALED. Georgi Malenkov, 86, aide to Joseph Stalin and Soviet Premier from 1953 to 1955; on Jan. 14. Malenkov started as Stalin's private secretary, then became a key member of the Kremlin hi-

erarchy in the 1930s, helping to lead the brutal purges in which millions died. Immediately after Stalin's death in March 1953, he assumed the pivotal post of Communist Party leader, but was later ousted by Nikita Khrushchev.



March 20, 1950

Art



Arcadian dreams, prophetic truths: Fragonard's *Blindman's Buff*; *Young Girl in Her Bed, Making Her Dog Dance*; and, below, *Self-Portrait*

Visions of a Rococo Master

An extraordinary show reveals the versatility of Fragonard

In popular reputation, Jean-Honoré Fragonard is often dismissed as a purveyor of teasingly erotic marzipan: images of rose-cheeked, button-eyed demimondaines in leafy bowers, often dallying with wan, wiggled swains. The extraordinary exhibition of Fragonard's works that opened last week at New York City's Metropolitan Museum of Art, and that can be seen there until May 8, amply demonstrates the limiting inaccuracy of that view. In reality, Fragonard was probably the most versatile of the great masters of 18th-century French art.

Astonishingly, the exhibition is the first major retrospective in North America for Fragonard. (The show, organized with the Louvre, appeared at the Grand Palais in Paris last fall with a slightly different roster of works.) Welcome though it is, this display of 90 paintings and 131 drawings might best be summed up as authoritative rather than definitive. In an introduction to the sumptuous, scholarly catalog, Pierre Rosenberg, the Louvre's chief curator of paintings, acknowledges that several treasures in London's Wallace Collection were unavailable, as were the four famous panels called *The Progress of Love*, 1771, which the artist created for residents of and visitors to New York, the

panels are on permanent display at the Frick Collection, a short walk down Fifth Avenue from the Metropolitan.

To the curator as well as the biographer, Fragonard is an exasperating puzzle. He rarely signed his works; dating them is still a cause of scholarly spats. In early 19th-century biographies, "the good Papa Frago" was often described as a cheerful, round-faced little man, ever smiling and carefree—a kind of idiot savant of the easel. Yet it seems that he was also riven with self-doubt, constantly redoing canvases and often failing to complete commissions. But Fragonard's inner self remains inscrutable. Contemporary references are surprisingly few and unrevealing. If he wrote any letters, none survive. And he stares out enigmatically in only a handful of self-portraits, done in middle age.

What is known is that Fragonard was born in Grasse, in Provence, in 1732. His father, a glovemaking, apparently moved the family in 1738 to Paris, where young Honoré was apprenticed to two distinguished and influential artists, Chardin and Boucher. At the latter's suggestion,

Fragonard applied for (and won) the Prix de Rome. He returned to Paris after his studies in Italy, was admitted to the Academy in 1765—membership entitled him to an apartment at the Louvre—and became a commercial success.

Fragonard's rococo style and subject matter eventually lost favor with the public, which came to prefer the cool, luminous approach of Jacques-Louis David and other neoclassicists. Shortly after the Revolution began, Fragonard left Paris for Provence, but returned to the capital

in 1792. By then, with many of his former patrons dead or exiled, he had virtually ceased painting. David, his friend and protégé, found him a post with the arts commission that established what is now the Louvre Museum, but a Napoleonic decree of 1805 ousted Fragonard and other artists from their residences there. A year later he died, impoverished, at his new home in the Palais-Royal—according to one story, after eating ice cream on a hot August day.

In their pioneering biographical sketch of 1865, the Goncourt brothers set the fashion for dismissing Fragonard as a rococo pasticheur, gifted but aesthetically frivolous. "Fragonard was a master of a dream world," they wrote. "His painting is a dream—the dream of a man asleep in a box at the opera." Today that judgment



seems true only in part. A quality of reverie does pervade Fragonard's erotica, even in the case of the risqué *Young Girl in Her Bed, Making Her Dog Dance*, circa 1768, which seems like the titillating fantasy of a peeping Humbert Humbert. The Goncourt aperçu applies in a different way to such large-scale works as the mysterious *The Fête at Saint-Cloud* (on a rare loan from the Banque de France), painted just before 1773, and two companion pieces owned by Washington's National Gallery, *Blindman's Buff* and *The Swing*. In all three paintings the tiny aristocratic figures at leisure are dwarfed by the Italianate landscapes in which they cavort. The contrast in scale is strikingly dramatic, and yet man is not seen as threatened by overweening nature. There is a sense of lightness and harmony in these strange pictures, like visions of Arcadia.

The paintings neither celebrate nor condemn the ancien régime. "Fragonard did not give lessons," observes Katharine Baetjer, the Metropolitan's curator for the show. "He painted life as he saw it." Both his realism and his dramatic power are apparent in the so-called fantasy portraits, eleven identically sized half-length figures of men and women in rich costumes, which were probably painted over nearly a decade, and are displayed together here for the first time. In the 18th century sense, these are not portraits at all but hastily done oil sketches. (Fragonard boasted that each was done "in one hour's time.") Some of the figures can be identified: Denis Diderot, the philosopher, for example, or the Abbé de Saint-Non, Fragonard's friend and patron. Meanwhile, many of the titles—*The Actor*, *The Writer*, *The Warrior* and so on—suggest an underlying symbolic scheme whose meaning is now lost. The artifice of the poses and the theatricality of the costuming look back to Rubens and Rembrandt. But the psychological truth of the subjects' moods, conveyed in hurried slashes of thick paint, are eerily prophetic. They look a century ahead, to the dawning of impressionism.

—By John Elson



Fantasy portrait of *The Actor*: lost scheme

Law

Baby M Meets Solomon's Sword

The New Jersey Supreme Court says no to surrogacy for pay



The justices send Melissa home with Dad

Approaching the case of Baby M, the New Jersey Supreme Court might have wished for the sword of Solomon—not to divide the child, but to cut through the Gordian thicket of paradox, bad faith and conflicting feelings that has surrounded the matter from the start. As it turned out, in a unanimous ruling last week the court sliced the issue in a way that gave important concessions to both the parents, but cut to the quick the practice of surrogacy for pay.

The seven justices voided the 1985 contract by which Biochemist William Stern and his pediatrician wife Elizabeth had arranged to pay Mary Beth Whitehead \$10,000 to bear a child fathered by him through artificial insemination. Under state adoption law and public policy, the court concluded, paying women to be surrogate mothers was "illegal, perhaps criminal, and potentially degrading to women." Wrote Chief Justice Robert Wilentz: "There are, in a civilized society, some things that money cannot buy."

Even so, the justices gave custody of 22-month-old Melissa Elizabeth to her father. The Sterns, the court decided, could provide a more stable home: "Their household and their personalities promise a much more likely foundation for Melissa to grow and thrive." Last November Whitehead divorced her first husband to marry Dean Gould, and the couple is now expecting a child of their own. But the justices also restored the parental rights of Whitehead-Gould, which the trial judge had terminated, and invalidated last year's adoption of Melissa by Elizabeth Stern. By instructing a lower court to de-

cide the question of Whitehead-Gould's visitation rights, they also opened the way for her to maintain contact with her daughter for many years to come.

The court said surrogate arrangements would not be illegal if the mother were not paid and if the agreement allowed her to change her mind after the birth of the child. But in practice that concession may not amount to much. How many women would be likely to bear a child without compensation? And how many infertile couples would be as willing to go through the process, faced with the possibility that the mother might renege? Though the ruling applies only to New Jersey, that state's supreme court is one of the nation's most influential, especially in matters of bioethics. "This ruling deals a death blow" to the practice, says Jeremy Rifkin of the National Coalition Against Surrogacy. About 27 states have considered legislation on surrogacy, ranging from regulation to outright prohibition. Last July Louisiana passed a law voiding surrogate contracts, and last week the Nebraska legislature voted to do the same.

Supporters of surrogacy have managed some lesser court victories in the past. Two years ago, for example, the Kentucky Supreme Court ruled that surrogate arrangements in themselves did not violate that state's public policy. "We're getting different decisions in different jurisdictions," says Michigan Attorney Noel Keane, one of the nation's chief surrogacy brokers and the man who helped arrange the birth of Baby M.

States that legalize the practice could become magnets for infertile couples from other states where commercial surrogacy is banned. And where the practice is prohibited entirely, say some, it will merely be driven underground. "There is so much infertility," observes Feminist Attorney Lynne Gold-Bikin. "Desperate people will resort to desperate methods."

Meanwhile, the once desperate people in the Baby M case are likely to find themselves tied together for some time by the common bond of the child they all claim. Whitehead-Gould declared herself "delighted to know my relationship with my daughter will continue for the rest of our lives." That prospect left the Sterns considerably less than delighted. They plan to try to block or limit the visits.

—By Richard Lacayo.

Reported by Jeanne McDowell/New York



Mom can visit

Essay
Roger Rosenblatt

Captain Midlife Sends a Valentine

Valentine's Day approaches. So many hearts still to be won, muses Captain Midlife as he studies his magnified decaying face in the shaving mirror, while striving to put the picture of T.S. Eliot's Sweeney out of his mind.

Out of his mind, indeed. The quavering romantic nature flops like a landed fish but never expires entirely, our middle-aged boy discovers. Debts pound at the door like crazy firemen; responsibilities rise like dunes on the Cape; girls in their 20s call him Sir (Oh, call me Captain); and still our hero hopes. Will love come to Captain Midlife? Has it been there all along? Stay tuned as the insomniac, not-yet-ancient mariner rests his head on the railing at a Knicks-Bulls game in which he is Air-Jordaning three feet over the rim one moment and the next eloping in a Chevrolet Impala with that remarkably attractive blond behind the refreshment stand, the one lathering mustard on the franks.

He could build a wonderful life with her; he is absolutely certain of that. They could pass delightful days discussing the netherworld of basketball arenas, talking of crowd control, relish, ramps. Or would it be better to start life over again with the lady cop in the subway? She looked mighty fetching in blue. A life of summonses and judo. Or the solemn woman at the rent-a-car counter? A prospect of long nights spent writing their initials inside little circles. The cashier at the A&P? The jogger with the Westie? The Captain confesses that he is much taken with that lanky public defender on TV, the one who never smiles and who dresses like Alcott and Andrews. Late dinner conversations on civil rights and torts (Have a tort?). How about Alcott, or Andrews?

You see, Captain Midlife has never got it into his thick if frangible skull that his life is exactly where it is, consisting of a loving wife, three loving children and a loving dog, which, while no Westie, has much fine oddness to recommend it. Well, sometimes he understands this, and sometimes he does not. When he does not, his mind packs up its belongings and sets sail like Ulysses (the very first Captain Midlife), hopping from port to port, dreaming up a storm. The Captain knows too well what the voyage of Ulysses was all about. Circe gives the old come-hither. Calypso does her little dance. The Sirens sing. No need to tie the buzzard to the mast. He's been tied there all along. *The Odyssey*: one long wild fling.

But in reality the Captain stays close to shore these days, and there he often amazes himself by falling in love with his actual surroundings. Middle age expands one's range of loving, discovers Captain Midlife. The objects of his deepest affection are things he once ignored or took for granted.

Such as his house. Suddenly the Captain finds that he cares strongly for his house: tables, doorknobs, chests of drawers. Finicky as a clerk, he keeps his house shipshape, puts up a shelf, arranges the flowers. Is that you, Captain

Sloppy? Everything in its place, replies the Captain, who finds himself included in the everything.

Friends, too, he loves, the older the friends the dearer. In recent years the Captain has unearthed a deep-seated longing for friends whose existences he used to think of merely as loose satellites to his own. Now he writes to them, phones at regular intervals, actively seeks their company. Old friends are Chaucerian, the Captain declares; the tolerance is wide, the ironies gentle. No gassed-up urgencies, no panic, no competitiveness. You stand with them shoulder to shoulder as on deck, looking out at a time that you at once control and do not control, hearing the footsteps of the young gaining ground while you go about the business of nursing elders or burying them at sea.

But we are not at sea, mates, the Captain shouts into the gale. Not dead yet. Hold tight. His cronies link their arms and close their ranks.

The Captain also loves his work (lucky dog); he loudly, wholly loves it. A man who drives a bulldozer once pointed out to him the distinction between doing real work and writing for a living. Captain Midlife concedes the difference more than ever now when what he does is what he does and not what he is going to do when he grows up. This isn't work, it's *me*, the Captain acknowledges, exults. What he loves most is the words. The words! At night he hears them scuttling across the linoleum in the kitchen, rattling the dishes. He goes downstairs for a chat. They have a midnight snack.

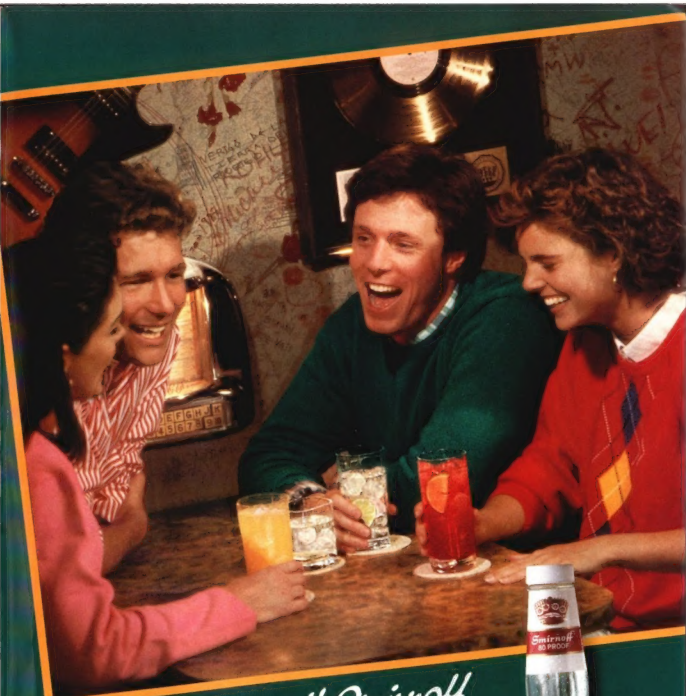
Words flutter in his air like seabirds. Tern. There's a word. A noun. The Captain adores all nouns, proper and improper. A proper noun is a metaphor, observes the Captain, feeling very much the master of his bark. Bark! Noun-verb. Verbs are the best. Bray. Loop. Whir. In his captain's chair, the Captain sits every morning, pen in hand, happy as a clam, happier than any fisherman casting for trout. Trout! Is this the life? Captain Midlife asks rhetorically, gazing about him with an astonishingly stupid grin.

One day when he is old enough, Captain Midlife may call a convention of his words, spread them on the floor before him and write an autobiography. It would begin with a description of the Captain as a boy, when he lived beside a park into whose thicket of dark trees he would peer at night from the height of his apartment and search for the love who awaited him there. Exactly what she looked like he could not say at the time. She was exquisitely beautiful, he was certain of that: gentle and intelligent, quiet, stubborn, funny, kind. Sometimes he imagined that he would swoop from his window into the park like a glider, landing gracefully, noiselessly before her. Off they would fly together, eventually to marry. But after a while he would leave her to test new waters, and she would write her life upon a loom.

In the end the Captain would return, as all captains do, to the girl of his dreams.



ILLUSTRATION FOR TIME BY TERRY ALLEN



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